The Poetry Review

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33 PORTMAN SQUARE
LONDON W 1
Telephone: Welbeck 9393

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The Rolls House Publishing Co
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ADVERTISING AGENTS
Aldridge Press Ltd
27 Chancery Lane
London W C 2

VOLUME XLVIII · NUMBER 1

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TO OUR WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS

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THESE PAGES—AN OFFERING TO

Laurence Housman

Here ancient peace resumes her round . . .
Men reap and store; but they sleep sound,
The men who sowed the grain.

Prelude: MEN OF VISION

An autumn that shook the world has ended. But the New Year everywhere is overborne by the wintry fear and despondency which so tragically often have clouded the mind and spirit in a time of trouble and confusion. Fortunate indeed are those who can draw upon their inner resources to counteract the fatalism which makes bitterly ironical for all too many people the greetings and wishes for 1957, threatening their sadly assaulted confidence in the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. Fortunate are the men and women who can turn to Poetry: in the dark hours they will surely have remembered such splendid lines as Robert Browning's, which have been an inspiration ever since the generations were blessed by knowing them:

> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph –

Poetry is one of the greatest things in the world. Poetry is the language of imagination, spoken by many tongues. Without poetry there is little in human life that awakens and nourishes the imagination, and the lack of it has led to the evils which have brought the world to the brink of utter disaster, and, as another poet once deplored, through Man's inhumanity to Man made countless thousands mourn.

It is men of imagination, men of vision, who are foremost in saving humanity from total disaster – Shelley, always the forthright poet, even declared that *poets* are the legislators of the world, unacknowledged: and there is no doubt whatever that the man who more than any other is coping with the world's perilous situation to-day is one with enough imagination to deal with the ghastly cruelty and deceit, confusion and arrogance, that have afflicted the peoples – the Secretary-General of the United Nations, Mr. Hammarskjöld of Sweden. Let Mr. Hammarskjöld speak for himself, as he spoke to a television interviewer: 'When I rest from my work I read poems.'

*

'Here is To-morrow.' Nothing that happened on a recent Friday evening at the headquarters of The Poetry Society could have been more heartlifting than the announcement by Mr. John Graddon as he emphasized in those words the presence of many young people of all ages and sizes among the grown-ups in a crowded audience. For the older people hope glowed anew. The purpose of that memorable Friday Reading – 'Voices of Youth' – was Poetry.

Mr. Graddon is the editor of our associate (junior) quarterly *The Voice of Youth*, as well as The Poetry Society's Hon. Treasurer. He had assembled many of the boys and girls who were known to him through their poetry contributions – a group came all the way from Bristol – and it was thrilling as well as heartlifting to see their enthusiasm and indeed their love of verse-writing and verse-reading, awakened so early in life – one diminutive reader was only eight years old! If ever there was justification for the Society's endeavour to awaken and nourish the young imagination, through *The Voice of Youth* as well as the Auditions and poetry-reading Competitions, John Graddon's special evening gave triumphant proof.

So did the half-yearly evening in the same month when the Society's Gold Medal Examination was held for holders of the Silver Medal for distinction in the art of speaking verse. Miss Mary Dalley, of Kidderminster, gained the award, and Miss Betty Mulcahy, of seven other worthy candidates, received special praise. Among the poets whose work was chosen by competitors for the tests were Ruth Pitter, Dylan Thomas, Siegfried Sassoon, Dorothy Wellesley, and C. Day Lewis.

*

If there is any poetry in human life to-day, be sure that The Poetry Society and *The Poetry Review* are helping to make it. Our members and friends, indeed, are often prominent through their work, and it is with especial pleasure that we recall the unique sequence of radio performances by Miss Margaret Rawlings in Greek plays during November. On four nights in one week she broadcast the principal parts in the *Medea* of Euripides and the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus, the latter on three successive nights, following the next week with a performance in Schiller's *Maria Stuart*. We are now awaiting another series of Miss Rawlings's famous poetry broadcasts on Sunday evenings.

We take this opportunity of welcoming home, after their visits abroad Dame Sybil Thorndike, Miss Moira Lister and Miss Joyce Grenfell. South Africa and the U.S.A. have been privileged to receive Miss Lister and Miss Grenfell, but Dame Sybil's travels have been nearly world-wide. She gave poetry recitals in Australia, India, South Africa, Singapore, Hong Kong, Turkey, and Greece. 'We went to Australia for six weeks and stayed six months. We had packed theatres everywhere – marvellous.'

*

It is with deep sorrow that we of The Poetry Society received the news that Mr. T. H. Foley – Tom Foley to us – had passed away on 24th October in hospital. For many years he was one of our most faithful workers and the Chairman of our Readings Committee until he was compelled through ill-health to hand over his official responsibilities to Mr. Charles Doran. It is not too much to say that Tom Foley has been more regrettably missed in recent years than any who have been obliged to give up their work for us, either through health or business reasons.

He was unique: completely Irish in temper and temperament, humorous, and unsparingly blunt of speech – always richly-coloured speech, but often embarrassing, for he spared nobody who incurred his scorn or contempt.

And yet he was most loyal and lovable in a way that made him irresistible to those who loved him.

*

Near the end of last century a sad figure in rags and tatters was to be seen in the streets of London, shuffling along the gutter. Two good Samaritans eventually rescued him, drug-sodden and starving, and so helpful and good they were that the poor vagabond was taken to their home and in an environment of beauty and culture brought back to decent living. Not only a human wreck but a masterpiece of poetry was thereby saved from oblivion, for it was Francis Thompson who was rescued, and his poem was 'The Hound of Heaven'.

Thus the world of letters became indebted to one of the most gifted and indeed noblest of our English families, for those good Samaritans were Wilfred and Alice Meynell, and if any name on the golden scroll of literature has an undisputed right to be included it is theirs. The name of Meynell has been kept alive in the next literary generation by Sir Francis and Viola, son and daughter, and it is with deep sympathy that we report the death of Viola, at whose birth Francis Thompson wrote a poem entitled 'The Making of Viola'.

*

Every frequenter of 33 Portman Square will cherish good memories of C. B. Fry, Admiral Crichton of scholarship and games who died in September. Not only did he give one of last year's most delightful Friday talks – scholarship without tears – but he was a distinguished guest at the President's sherry party in the previous December. How he enjoyed the good company, the happy atmosphere – and Col. Daukes's conjuring and Mrs. Price's mince-pies! Age had not wearied him. No wonder his autobiography was entitled *Life Worth Living*.

The death of Arthur Row means to us the loss of a loyal, long-service member. Miss Helen T. Douglas Robinson, who has died in St. Petersburg, Florida, U.S.A., where she was honoured and loved, also did splendid work over many years for The Poetry Society, in spite of having been crippled by a bomb in London, where she held poetry readings during the 'blitz'. Our condolences go to her sister, Miss Eva Robinson. The last of several books of poetry by Helen T. Robinson was published during the autumn by Bruce Humphries.

*

Postscripts. – 'Ballad of an Unsuccessful Poet', published in this number, is the generous gift of Mr. H. S. Mackintosh. It was previously published in the now defunct *London Mercury*, circa 1933 . . . Miss Alice R. Kendall, lately home from Cyprus, has had an exhibit of her paintings, along with those of her mother, at the Cooling Galleries in London . . . Novelist Rosalind Wade, who is Mrs. William Kean Seymour, is in the autumn lists with successor to *Come Fill the Cup: Morning Break*, published by Macdonald . . .

*

May the Eleventh: mark the date. Our fourth Annual Luncheon – same place, time, price. Bookings from 1st April. . . .

THE EDITORIAL BOARD

BALLADE OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL POET

H. S. MACKINTOSH*

I sent my tragic poem 'The Vendetta'
To that unworthy rag The Butterfly,
Together with a long and careful letter
Which proved that only Shelley could outvie
My 'Rose-bud' sonnet and my lines 'Goodbye!'
My twelve-page-blank-verse 'Epic of Mosul' . . .
'The Editor regrets . . . ' they made reply:
The Editor appears to be a fool.

My lyric 'Pep', my business dirge 'The Debtor',
I sent to Boost (Live Literature, N.Y.),
My stirring work – 'The Rhymes of a "Go-getter"',
My rattling piece of verse 'The Cheerful Guy',
I even sent them 'Thoughts on Going Dry',
I don't take so much trouble as a rule;
They pleaded lack of space (a stupid lie),
The Editor appears to be a fool.

I said: 'Perhaps the Moderns may be better',
And on The Scarlet Urge I thought I'd try
My threnody called 'Glumph', my arietta
Of three words forty times repeated – Aye!
And 'Œdipus Unreeled' (my brow is high):
But, though they matched the Ultra-Neo-School,
No answer was vouchsafed – I can't think why.
The Editor appears to be a fool.

Envoi

Prince, on your undeserving monthly, I
Do now confer this ballade (please keep cool);
To you, I'm sure, these words will not apply –
'The Editor appears to be a fool' (?)

*See Editorial Prelude on previous page.

PORTRAIT OF A PLUMP MAN

WILLIAM PHYSICK

Hormones in harmony, and glands all gay.
How envied is the plump and happy man
Who chuckles through the course of life each day.

Is not this Earth a sphere? And shall not he –
This being his delight, great bouncing boy –
Approximate, in his rotundity,
Add curves the more to his avoirdupois?

Convex where others are, alas, concave,
He walks as over-lord, assurance brings
And carries over-load; is seldom grave,
From subterranean deeps his laughter springs.

Bland as Mine Host at door of village inn
Bestowing courteous welcome on his guests;
His air suggests resources vast within,
Good food, good wine, and jollity and jests.

A fund infectious he of humour carries,
Good easy man, a comfortable soul;
Whose merry eyes a Juno spies, and marries,
And charms with easy chair, with pipe and bowl.

SONG OF HAM THE HIGHLANDER

A. E. COPPARD

Ham was a sailor who had rambled o'er the ocean,
Gone through fire and slaughter in the coral-combing seas,
Home he came on furlough with a very proper notion,
So here comes a sailor with a mind to take his ease,
Give a roar!
In the flowery dales and dry lands,
In the Highlands, ah, the Highlands!
And to hell with all the navy,
He's ashore!

Ham was a sailor when he tumbled in from China,
Hearty, whole, and whole of heart, but quickly brought to bay
When he hailed the cliffs of Chiswick and perceived a lovely Dinah,
Quite the finest he had seen in twenty summers and a day;
Like a lamb
He dropped hook and took his physic
In the pearly plains of Chiswick,
And there's no more bloody navy –
Not for Ham!

GREY SQUIRREL

ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS

On tiptoe stand
  And watch him ripple:
No antic wind
  Could be more supple.

His tail and he,
  Of equal inches,
Will climb a tree
  And roam the branches.

With love at stake,
  He shows a temper;
Can bark and make
  A rival scamper;

But now his care
  Is all for hoarding
A hidden store
  The oak is guarding . . .

On tiptoe steal
  To where he rustles:
The artful tail,
  The fluent muscles.

A LEAF IS NOT NEGLIGIBLE

CHARLES DURANTY

September goes down
in golden ruin
and the honeyed hives
are late keepers of summer.

Why do you lament
where fruit and seed-pod fall,
autumn has compensations
for this stricken season.

Perhaps I misinterpret
those quick tears;

there are infinite aspects
of beauty
and the heart has no accounting.

Do not mourn September
nor impale its ghosts
upon your almond eye
but embrace
the architected leaf,
that frail anatomy,
against the screens of light.

THAW

FALLON WEBB

All day the snow has been slowly shrinking and thinning
On roof and hedge, and through the twilit hours
The drip of water like a pulse has knocked
Monotonously in the drain-pipe. Now
Rain gravels the windows and the wind is straining

And thumping against the house. The children passing
Outside are disconsolate, for they cannot gather
And mould into mock grenades this dingy pulp
That grasping fingers fumble and gumboots mash
And spatter in wet brown blobs at kerb and crossing.

But milkman clinking his bottles to-morrow morning
Will be glad his hands are not frozen to the glass;
His horse will rejoice to feel the reliable earth
Resistant and friendly to hooves again; the birds,
Gagged by the cold, will acclaim the sun's returning.

And the old, whose blood is water thinly crawling,
Will bless the air's relaxing grip and fill
Their shrivelled lungs, still sore from the needled frost.
Under the railway arch the homeless will sigh
His scant relief and resume his unavailing

And apathetic quest. And I, by suffering
In-driven on self, and sworded through body and mind
By this week's cold, now feel my spirit crack
Its fetters of ice, and I take my pen and shape
This poem, my thank-offering.

THE POETRY OF JOHN REDWOOD ANDERSON

GWYNETH ANDERSON

Critics have seldom agreed about the work of John Redwood Anderson. An individualist and a solitary, a scholar and a respecter of tradition (he read the greater part of Greek, Latin, Italian and French poetry in the original during the five years following his broken studies at Trinity, Oxford) he is yet an experimentalist and has evolved a style as unlike that of his contemporaries as it is unlike that of the last century. Herbert Palmer, a subtle and perceptive admirer of his work, classified him, in his book *Post Victorian Poetry*, as a 'prominent independent'.

The author of nearly a score of volumes of poems, the latest of which was published in November*, and the earliest in 1914, he yet has nearly a third of his work still in manuscript, and this contains much of his best poetry. Only one of his four plays, *The Tower to Heaven* (originally entitled *Babel*) has been published. His dramatic epic, *Hannibal,* a poem of over 11,000 lines, is, in his own eyes and in those of most of the few people who have seen it, his finest work.

Two of his books received almost unanimous praise. These two are mainly lyrical: *The Curlew Cries,* poems set in Yorkshire, where he lived for twenty-seven years, and *Transvaluations,* a remarkable book of mystical poems written, in a torrent of fervour, in three weeks. These, said *The Listener*, 'shine with the radiance of a pure poetic experience,' and the *New York Times,* describing his poetry as that of a modern Blake, hailed the book as 'one of the most arresting that has appeared for a long time.' The elemental and the religious themes are treated in *Transvaluations* with equal insight and power. The strange force of suggestion and evocation of atmosphere in 'The Wind Bloweth', 'Osirian Night' and 'In Secret', three poems in themselves very different in subject matter, have as contrast the intuitive simplicity of 'Sanhedrin' and the hushed intimacy of 'Visitation'. The opening lines of 'The Wind Bloweth' are:

> And the wind blew
> through all the winter of the Boreal night.
> Under the cold aurora-light,
> under the stars and the low moon,
> unmoving in its glacial swoon,
> the sea
> – icy hollow and icy dune –
> stretched infinitely
>
> * * *
>
> and the wind wailed
> above the arctic stark paralysis

that roofed in death the living sea's abyss;
and the wind failed
for all its terror, all its might,
for all its splendour and its love,
for all its trumpet-majesties,
to move
one tittle of compacted ice,
or wake one ripple on that rigid sea.

And here are a few lines from 'Visitation', expressing the gentle recession of the mystical experience, known, perhaps, only to a few, but to those few recognizable in this poem in the perfection of its simplicity:

The walls came back and watched me, with bowed head,
as though they looked on one
on whom some miracle was done –

Finest and most vigorous of all, perhaps, is 'Gethsemane':

Then Jesus seized the zenith in his right
and in his left, the nadir: made his might
the strong coherence of the whole,
a living axis fixing pole to pole;
and in the furnace of his heart
fused – never to be wrenched apart –
God and man's soul.

In 1948, John Redwood Anderson published *Pillars to Remembrance*, a book in which each poem is dedicated to a close friend, and in this appeared several of his most important religious poems, including my own favourite, a transposition of the Hundred and Thirty-Ninth Psalm:

Self-ignorant, I know
nor what I am, nor whither go:
Thou knowest me with perfect knowing,
both what I am and whither going:
I could not take one step of thought
did I guess not,
beyond my walls of mental night,
Thy Universe of Light.

This book also included a poem on the death of Lascelles Abercrombie, of which R. C. Trevelyan said that it would be counted among the few great elegies in the English language.

Diverse as John Redwood Anderson's poetry is, ranging as it does from poems of the modern industrial city, as in *The Vortex* to the romantic epic of *The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Graunia*, and from the dramatic *Tower to Heaven* and its unpublished successors, to the more personal poems of his latest volume, *Almanac and Other Poems* – diverse as this work is, it is important to realize that, with few exceptions, it all derives from, and gives expression to, a certain coherent and defined

attitude to existence. That attitude is the fruit of the long struggle to reconcile in himself two opposed tendencies, the scientific and the religious. The result is a mystical philosophy, the main point of which may be very briefly stated in his own words – see 'The Fourth Mysticism' in *Faith and Freedom, a Journal of Progressive Religion,* February and June 1951. 'God becomes the World, and Man as the apex of the World; and, inversely, Man, and through Man the World, becomes God. But God, becoming the World, yet remains God; and Man, becoming God, yet remains Man.' It is thus a kind of Pantheism in which neither the One nor the Many, neither God nor the World, is denied; in which the World is the exfoliation of God, and God the final meaning of the World. This philosophy is, perhaps, most succinctly expressed in *The Fugue of Time* (the second volume of *Triptych*) which may be described as a condensed lyrical epic of the World Process as known to the Divine Experience. Except in the 'Prelude' there is throughout the entire 'Fugue' only one speaker, God; first, in 'I am and I am that I am', the theme of the whole poem, and in 'Logos', speaking in His own person; then, successively, through the voices of Nature and Man; and finally, in the last poem, 'Totality', once again in His own person.

The Fugue of Time is so closely woven that adequate quotation is difficult, but the two following passages may serve to show both something of the great sweep of the subject and of the essentially lyrical way in which the poet handles it. The first is from 'Logos' and contains the whole germ of the philosophy which forms the frame-work of the *Fugue:*

> So, self-begotten, I beget
> – myself the Deep, myself the brooding Dove –
> the innumerable Many I am not yet,
> the mortal moments of immortal Love;
> myself the Seed, myself the Womb,
> self-sown, I summon from the gloom
> of my profound Fecundity
> the myriad other selves of me
> that are the universe to be:
> organs of passion and of sense,
> blind thrusts of will, and every will my need:
> Life's limbs and lips whereby I feed
> my hunger of divine Experience.
> Joy of their joy, Pain of their pain,
> Strife of their strife, Soul of their soul:
> these I become – and yet remain
> Myself: First, Midst, and Last, and Undivided Whole.

The second is from the last poem, 'Totality', when Man, both as Individual and Race, face to face with the ultimate despair of time,

'turns from himself and turns to Me', when 'the alone seeks refuge with the Alone', the final restoration and triumph:

> And suddenly,
> annihilation is swept away!
> life's Nay is changed into life's Yea!
> Heaven and earth
> now reappear, charged with eternal worth
> and perfect meanings none till then had known:
> he sees Me now, no longer in naked loneliness,
> but sees Me robed in the world's multitudinous dress,
> and knows, at last, I am indeed the world:
> I am this storm of divine music hurled
> – surge of the stars, roar of the galaxies –
> for ever through time, my changing consciousness.
>
> * * *
>
> All that was evil, judged by man,
> all that was foolish, judged by time,
> speaks its true word in my eternal rhyme,
> whose cosmic measures scan
> the risings and the settings of the sun,
> the comings and the goings of the sea,
> the golden orbits where the planets run,
> and the sublime
> faint paths of nebulae.
> For I exist beyond all good or ill,
> beyond the *Will not* and the *Will*,
> beyond the Many and the One,
> beyond all passion and beyond all grief,
> beyond all knowledge and beyond belief;
> I am the world's Horizon: nothing can move
> out of the lambent circle of my love;
> I am – and let that be enough!
> I am, and I am that I am.

Though the spirit of 'The Fugue of Time' is also the spirit of the new book, *Almanac*, published last November*, yet it is true that probably no two of his works present a greater contrast. John Redwood Anderson has always made it his aim to keep himself out of his work, but here this strenuous endeavour, possibly puzzling to some of his readers, particularly in these introvert days, has been somewhat relaxed. Six of the sonnets in this volume, entitled 'Love and Friendship', though not written in the first person, are beautiful meditations on two of the great human relationships, and their psychological insight is no barrier to dramatic and memorable lines:

> Tristan and Yseult, on the star-hushed barque
> that bore them to their joy – and to King Mark.

* *Almanac And Other Poems*, by John Redwood Anderson (Macdonald, 15s.).

'Almanac', the title poem, is a passionate record of changing moods and intellectual conflict. 'The Long End of the Day' is serene, but also tragic. The book will open to his readers a clear and rewarding path to his rich personality.

In considering John Redwood Anderson's work as a whole, the reader will recognize the aptness of the words of Mr. Oscar H. Shephard in the *Manchester Quarterly*:

'Interpretation is one of the main functions of the poet – in this the philosopher and the poet are ultimately as one, and though we are not obliged to accept the views of the philosopher even whilst admiring the poet, we must measure the value of a poem in terms of the degree in which the poet has approached the interpretation of life as an aspect of universal truth.'

THE HOUSE REVISITED

JOHN REDWOOD ANDERSON

After so many years
I see again
the house that once was home.
Nothing is here for tears,
though the dull pain
of things remembered, loved and lost,
goes at my side: upstairs, downstairs,
from room to room, and in and out;
like a poor ghost
restless with half-forgotten fears
and half-forgotten doubt,
sad with long hopes that did to nothing come
and old unreconciled despairs.

Above the house the great hills rise,
a grey-green ridge against the skies:
hills that I knew, as a man knows
the very lines upon his palm –
hills wild with winds, or white with snows,
wrapped in their tattered rags of rain,
withdrawn
in moving mists of pale oblivion,
or, in late summer's windless calm,
stretched in soft sunlight sound asleep.
And there, beyond the ridge, the deep
dark lake, unfathomably deep,

black in its cauldron of tormented stone:
Cauldron of Inspiration and unhuman lore! –
O, often have I stood alone
upon its lonely shore,
and felt through sinew, nerve, and bone,
and felt in heart and head,
once more
the sudden sacred shudder of ancestral dread.

The hooded pines that used to climb
the steep hill-slope
have fallen to the axe of time:
the priesthood of the trees is gone!
no more their gentle antiphon
sounds morning, noon, and night;
no more the air
is fragrant with their prayer;
no more their sight
is fixed upon the far-off height
of all their love and hope:
the glen of pines where once I trod
remote from men, but not from thoughts of man,
and rarer holier thoughts sublime,
and voiceless visitations as of God.
Only a few grey oaks remain
to tell the tale of this once holy place;
only the stream, the stream, runs on
as once it ran:
the ever-living waters of abounding grace.

Was, then, the past so happy? No!
but sorrows suffered long ago
are like deep valleys sunk between
the ridges of a distant hill,
and so unseen;
while joys that are not, but have been,
rise from the shadowed past like mountain-tops that still
in the last light of dying sunset shine.

The house remains that once was mine:
but who are they
that live in it and call it now their home?
I know them not; and I
am but to them a curious stranger come

to pry
into their alien privacy;
though, did they know the filial piety
– as of a pilgrim to some long-deserted shrine –
that brings me here, they could not but forgive.

So much remains unchanged, yet all is changed!
all so familiar, yet estranged
from all I am and all I love to-day!
So from this house that once was mine,
with a last look, I turn away:
the Past is dead! let the Past lie
safe in its grave of memory
with its poor ghost for company!
The world is living, and I live;
the world has given, and shall give;
and, with the Present at my side,
my Love, my Life, my Guide,
joyful I go my way.

SHIFTING FOCUS

ALEXANDER SLOAN

The focus of the room
Narrows to a bowl of flowers
Breathing loveliness
For a little while
From petalled towers,
As, into the gloom
The slim candle,
Out of its silver
Filigree mounted cup,
Like a marble pillar
Puffs its waxen incense
On the glinting workmanship,
The mahogany pool,
Of the polished table,
And to frescoed sky –
Until, looking up,
I find an old bronze head
Fixing me with frigid eye,
With words unsaid
And sneering lip.

I KNEW WALTER DE LA MARE

HENRY CHARLES DUFFIN

It was not until Walter de la Mare was sixty that I met him, but I think that the years from sixty to seventy-five were, from the personal point of view, among his best, with his mind at the very top of its form and his body only just beginning to feel the disabilities that grew so bitter in the last five years of his life.

In July, 1933, having learnt that I was writing a book about his poetry, he asked me to go and see him at his beautiful home in Taplow. I have not forgotten the cordiality of his greeting, nor the fascination of the talk that followed. He pressed me for details of anything queer, inexplicable, in my experience, and we exchanged notes on our adventures in the borderland of sleep. He asked me to explain a critical prejudice I had expressed against his latest book, *The Veil*, and when I ventured to suggest that in it he seemed to have altered his form he replied quickly: 'Ah, but I shouldn't be aware of that'. I noticed that the straight up-and-down mark or furrow which is on most people's forehead between the eyes took with him the shape of a question-mark.

But it was after the second World War that my wife and I came to know Walter de la Mare intimately. He loved Hove and Brighton, and each year, sometimes twice a year, he would ask us to book rooms for him at a hotel. On the first of these occasions he wrote that he would require an extra bedroom, as he would have with him his nurse-companion, Miss Saxton. This damped our spirits, as we had not met Miss Saxton, and imagined her the usual model of efficiency in uniform. Never had we been so mistaken. Miss Saxton was, and is, one of the most delightful of women, and, except in skill and devotion, no more like a 'nurse' than a fairy wand is like a poker. De la Mare called her 'N', and we called her Dinah, and soon became as attached to her as deeply as we loved him.

Walter de la Mare we always called 'W.J.', though we referred to him by his first name. But he did not much like the name Walter, and friends who went back farther than we did, as well as his relatives, called him Jack, which to us seemed irrelevant if not irreverent.

Most afternoons during these visits to Hove he and Dinah came to tea at our house, and the sofa where he used to sit, talking and eating extraordinary quantities of the sandwiches my wife made for him, will always retain for us a kind of sanctity. De la Mare was a celebrated talker, but he was not one who monopolizes the conversation: his talk was real talk, and you were allowed and expected to take your part. But of course our 'part' was to throw in just enough encouragement or opposition to stimulate him to further flights.

Oddities of mental experience, and the subtler usage of words – these were the subjects that he would pursue with especial zeal.

He loved the Brighton 'lanes', and often arrived after an hour's exploration of their many antique-shops, bringing us little presents – a Chinese teapot, a wooden Russian caddy-spoon, very large and curiously carved, an ink-stand, a scent-bottle . . .

He had met and known everyone worth knowing, particularly in the literary world, and remembered a neat illustrative story about each of them. On one of his visits to Thomas Hardy at Max Gate the talk had turned on the difficulty of dealing with books sent to an author with a request for an inscription on the title-page: W.J. had asked what Hardy did about this. Hardy got up and opened the door of a large cupboard inside which great numbers of books were piled – 'I just pitch them in here', he answered; 'there they are!' Or again: 'I was coming down the steps of the Athenaeum with Max Beerbohm. He held up the head of his walking-stick, a perfect sphere of ivory, and, looking at it quizzically, murmured: 'They tell me it's an exact likeness'.

Of Katherine Mansfield: 'Yes, everything she did and said showed how wonderful she was. There was something unique and lovely even about the way she took off the lid of the tea-pot and stirred the tea with a spoon.'

After dinner we would stroll along the front, sit together and continue the afternoon's conversation. On one occasion, when I remarked on the beauty of the evening sky, W.J. said, 'Write a sonnet about it – give it to me to-morrow.' Next day I showed him my exercise, which ran thus:

> We sat and talked beside the evening sea –
> Dorothy, Dinah, W.J. and I.
> The moon's small curve down the huge curve of the sky
> Crawled like a honey-drop. Our minds were free
> To watch and wonder at night's marvellous show,
> So old, so new. The curtains of the dark
> Trembled to rise, and every starry spark
> Gleamed from a trumpet just about to blow.
>
> O Life! O Mystery! O Loveliness!
> To see new hints immortal here I seem,
> When love and beauty and the poet's mind
> Can brood by tranquil moonlit seas, and dream
> What bright adventure and what brilliant peace
> Beyond death's opening portal they shall find.

His only comment was an approval of my use of the word 'show'. (He liked the sonnet form to be kept more closely.)

Although his mind was mostly occupied with the immaterial world,

he was no highbrow. I do not think he read detective novels, but he enjoyed a good 'Western' at the movies. His hospitality was lavish at the incredibly lovely flat in Twickenham where he lived, and he entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of a picnic tea under the trees in Preston Park. He never took the superior attitude. Most people profess horror at the unbroken rank of bathing-huts along the Hove front, but I never heard W.J. object to them. On the contrary, one afternoon as we emerged into Kingsway from a side-road he exclaimed, 'How exquisitely the light comes off the roofs of those huts!'

And then there are his letters, mostly in that beautiful and queer script of his, though latterly perforce dictated and typed. I could quote from many of them, but I must content myself with a passage of general interest:

'I had tea with Desmond MacCarthy the other day, and tapped his reminiscences of Thomas Hardy which I must share with you as soon as heaven permits. For just one: T.H. had taken Rudyard Kipling to see a house he (R.K.) was coveting. On coming away T.H. said to R.K., "A curious thing, but when I mentioned just now to the lady of the house who you actually *were* she said she had never heard of you". A pause. Then R.K.: "I asked her if she realized she had been talking to Thomas Hardy; and she had never heard of *you*." This reminds me that Ruskin once paused to expatiate on the beauty of a wild strawberry among the rocks of his native mountains and remarked to Coventry Patmore, who was with him, "You know, Patmore, I could never bring myself to eat of that exquisite fruit". To which C.P. replied, "I should think you were the only human creature who ever even thought of doing so!" ["To imagine," comments Someone Else who *may* be looking over your shoulder, "that there could be such a jam!"].'

Later in the same letter he mentioned that he had been sent the scenario of a film that was going to be made from his short story, 'Crewe' and a pretty bad muddle has been made of it. Fortunately the project never (I think) went beyond the scenario.

Well, the Traveller now knows whether there is 'anybody there' beyond that 'moonlit door'. It will be all the more exciting to knock on it oneself and find it, perhaps, opened by W.J. in person.

* * *

Footnote – from Mary Winter Were: May I be allowed to add my tribute to the late Walter de la Mare? I had the good fortune to review for a literary magazine that very lovely book *Walter de la Mare, A Study of his Poetry* by Henry Charles Duffin, published in 1949. In a letter to me Mr. de la Mare wrote at the time: "It was a happy surprise to find your review of it (Mr. Duffin's book) and

how generous you were to the subject. I know what great pleasure this gave to H.C.D. Is there perhaps any scrap of verse you would like me to add on the fly-leaf just for association's sake?"

My copy of the book bears a delightful inscription to me from the author along with two autographed photographs of the poet, and a poem:

LOVE

Children alone are grave,
Even in play with some poor grown-up's toy;
Solemn at heart, and wise:
Whence else their secret joy?
And the deep sleep they crave?

So Love is pictured – with his bandaged eyes,
To veil the blinking beauty of the skies –
And laughs out, naked, as a little boy.

For Mary Winter Were. W. J. de la M.

VILLANELLE – 'IF THIS WERE ALL' . . .

CARYL CHURCHILL

If this were all, man could not bear the pain
Of seeing light drained slowly from the sky.
I shall not cry when I am left alone.

Although the seed springs up when it is sown,
Although a hand is warm and the sun is high,
If this were all man could not bear the pain.

Clinging to dark music and quick rain,
I know that they are part of the same lie.
I shall not cry when I am left alone.

Because a knife can cut him to the bone,
Because the roses rot and the streams go dry,
If this were all, man could not bear the pain.

The bark is stripped away but the roots remain,
And so although the leaves turn black and die
I shall not cry when I am left alone.

For there is something deeper to be known
Than the taste of wind and the look in a stranger's eye.
If this were all, man could not bear the pain:
I shall not cry when I am left alone.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE HORSES

CELIA RANDALL

What was seen on the moor that day was seen
Only by three – Brigid, Michael and me,
Where the blue of the sky bends down to the green,
And the blue of the hill melts into the sea.
What we saw was seen by us only:
A shaft of light like a sword smote the hill,
Cleaving a door where a rock stands lonely;
Then a trumpet pealed – and was still.
And Michael shouted: 'The horses! Look!'
And Brigid whispered: 'They are the dead.'
Out of the hill they swept, and the moorland shook
With pawing of hoof and tossing of mane and head.
Yearling and hunter, chestnut and roan,
Stallion and filly stampeded by;
Light with their freedom from flesh and bone,
They sprang from the earth and into the sky.
And the dark clouds parted and light burst through
A glowing gap that hollowed and led
To a goal predestined the horses knew –
The far-flung fields of the risen dead.
We watched them go in a fading light,
But Brigid's eyes were blind to the sky,
For a little white mare had paused in her flight,
Had remembered, and whinnied as she swept by.

IN THE EVENING

MAURICE TASNIER

The fishing-boats lean in the mud,
In the soft, receding sun of evening,
Each mast at crazy angle with the sky;
They crouch in meditation, black and still,
Now tossed to silence, salted until dry.

The old men lean on slanted walking-sticks,
In the pale, retreating light of evening,
Their eyes no longer questioning the sky
But bowed in contemplation of the ground
They walk; at last the salt of tears quite dry.

'MY BOOK OF THE YEAR'

AN EDITORIAL SYMPOSIUM

Once again at a year's beginning the eight worthies who control editorially *The Poetry Review* have looked back along their bookshelves and lingered over the books they read in 1956. They now recall those which impressed them most, and they have each made a choice of the one that left on them the most and vivid memory. If prose-works as well as volumes of verse are included in the lists it must not be thought a reflection on the quality of the year's poetry.

EVALYN D. BANGAY

A very old truth, that of casting bread upon the waters, is borne out movingly in Miss Patten's *Good Morning, Miss Dove*. It is a story of the prim schoolmistress in a small American town, who was not attactive either in looks or manner, yet who influenced the later life of her pupils out of sheer sincerity and integrity, and these as little known to herself as her love for them.

KENNEDY WILLIAMSON

My choice must fall upon *The Diction of Poetry from Spenser to Bridges*, by Bernard Groom (Oxford University Press, 45s.). This author has not only taken me into exciting new realms of discovery, but has also confirmed as accurate many of the beliefs I already held. What more eloquent tribute to a writer's wisdom can any reader want?

STEPHEN GRAHAM

During 1956 the best book I read in connection with poetry was *Dylan Thomas in America*, by J. M. Brinnin (Dent, 18s.). Despite the dirt, it reveals a poetic genius of our age. A pity people should take it as merely a record of the poet's alcoholism and coarse talk. These are secondary, just as they were in the case of Robert Burns. The true poet shines out of the mud like a piece of gold.

JOHN GRADDON

In days which are the delight of the physicist, it is well to be reminded that there are worlds other than his; that it might be wiser to seek to know what man is and what he can become, rather than what he can do and whom he can destroy.

Mr. Martin, in *Experiment in Depth* (Routledge) – my Book of the Year – brings Jung, Tonybee and Eliot to his aid in penetrating to some of the levels of man's nature. He does not really need them. He has his own methods, and he will continue to 'seek man deeper than e'er plummet sounded.'

KATHLEEN VALMAI RICHARDSON

How nice is would be to say 'Oh, Blank's new poems, of course': but this year's poetry is mostly too moody to cling to more than a passing fancy. So, hoping that an increasing love for re-discovery does not predicate second childhood, I vote for Ecclesiastes. Read alongside T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*, with dips into the *Bhagavad Gita*, one may unravel more threads than any whodunit can offer. And it can happen that yesterday's ash turns to gold under one's eye – who can ask more?

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

My choice is *Michael Redgrave; Actor,* by Richard Findlater (Heinemann, 18s.). This young dramatic critic's lucidly written, copiously illustrated and documented biography of England's most intellectual and perhaps most versatile actor is candid as well as enthusiastic. Though the hero naturally dominates the book, its territory is that of the whole English theatre for the past twenty-five years.

F. PRATT GREEN

Let me confine myself to the year's poetry. I would say that Edwin Muir's *One Foot in Eden* (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.), is the most distinguished book: *New Lines*, edited by Robert Conquest (Macmillan 12s. 6d.), the most interesting; and a small pamphlet, *Flowering Grasses* (Outposts Publications, 2s. 6d.), by Peter Dunn, the most enjoyable, and – because of its modesty – the most likely to be overlooked.

THOMAS MOULT

The book which has impressed me more than any other during 1956 is a poet's book – *Almanac and other Poems*, by John Redwood Anderson. Published late in the year by Macdonald (15s.), this collection is the work of a genius of such stature, possessing so original a gift of narrative and lyricism, wisdom and humane understanding, that I can only think of one reason why he is not being acclaimed all over the literary world at the present moment: modern literature is clique-ridden, and if you belong to one clique you dare not praise anyone outside it! The title-poem itself has been radioed in the Third Programme: thus the B.B.C. did itself honour, because it broadcast a masterpiece.

*

MY ENEMIES

HELEN GRANVILLE-BARKER

Instruct me, Lord, to love my enemies.
Let all these prayers be said with single heart.
Are they not strangely torturing to say!
From any stain of mean self-righteousness
Cleanse and preserve them.

I pray that he who would degrade a name
Rise up himself to power and excellence;
That he who mocks, to please a mocking world,
Be honoured with a world's respect and love;
That he who envies other's competence
Attain his own importunate desires;
That he be blest with love who, vengefully,
Would wrench away a love's inheritance.

But can I joy when all these prayers are heard?

THREE POEMS

VERNON SCANNELL

ADDRESS TO VENUS

A word, Goddess, for the disappointed,
For those who lie to-night
On beds of exile, partnered by the dark,
For those who wash the tired pillow
With tears which are your offerings,
Or climb the lonely mountains of their grief.

Be tender to the young and melt
The rafts of ice that swim
Chill in the crimson oceans of their blood
That they receive the terrible
Instruction, and experience
The ceremonial burning and be clean.

Have mercy, Goddess, on them all:
The old upon their beds
Of seventy nails or more who yet adore
Thee with sincerity and would
Serve with an acolyte's delight
Should miracle restore their robes of blood.

But above all do not forget
Those both young and old,
Invalids who never felt your lash
Of lightning sting the heart's deep night
O, Goddess, generously give
Your agony which purifies and heals.

THE GAUNT STRANGER

When summer was saucy with gaudy display
Of shimmer and glitter throughout the long day,
And evenings were warm with the lingering thought
Of the farewelling sun and the gentle night brought
Silvery bracelets to burnish the blue
Boughs where the nightingales sang the night through,
It was then that I met and loved her sweet face
But I feared the gaunt stranger who walked in that place.

She gave me back tenderness softer than lawn,
The blade of her trusting could scarcely be borne
The air where she'd lingered, when she went away,
Grew suddenly colder and left me a prey
To the north wind of doubt and the east wind of fear
But they vanished like dreams when again she drew near
And safe in the village of certainty I
Forgot the gaunt stranger who walked slowly by.

Together we studied the syntax of love
At evening she lay on my breast like a dove
And breathed the sweet language of silence that spoke
Unsyllabled meanings which softly awoke
Innocent images from their dark rest
To angel the shadows that sloped from the west
And curtain the window against the cold stare
Of the watchful gaunt stranger who still waited there.

But in the sad season of summer's cremation
When dawn softly echoed the night's lamentation
The winds of suspicion returned to betray
The gestures of summer and savage each day.
Love cried in the dark like an animal caught
In a murderous trap but the freedom it sought
Was hidden forever. I did not discover
My loss till the stranger became her gaunt lover.

FOR A MARRIAGE

Now that the night above the lucent waters
Is still and silent, let each impartial star
Listen and approve the song they taught us:
The words that tell us plainly what we are
And answer those sharp Whys that pricked our ease.
Adopt whatever melody they please.

For we must celebrate this sweet occasion
With temperate joy and disciplined delight,
Decorously add musical persuasion
To make our song illumine this good night
Sing praises that negate all sworded feuds
And hymn these joined and blessed solitudes.

The stars did not oppose this lovely meeting
But actively conspired to see it staged

Appropriately with flowers and birds competing
To glorify the moment when, uncaged,
The dove of love flew free and circled high,
Milk winged, white breasted in the royal sky.

Our joy must be restrained as true reflection
Of that soft interchange of solemn vows
And as a mirror to that calm affection
Until, instinctive as the choral boughs,
It soars to see each slow miraculous kiss
Sustain the perfect balance of their bliss.

THE DAY AND THE HOUR

ODETTE TCHERNINE

She did not know the day he died,
For outwardly he had remained
The same as in the days when voice
And words were testaments of love
Emerging from their lips in pride
And tenderness for each; how strange
It was, yet nature's whim
He never knew his lips had lied.

The features are the same, but eyes
Reflect a pattern wondering, cold,
The lost look of the traveller
Who wishes for the days of old,
Yet still must drive himself away
To isles of brooding, black, untold,
In clouds enshrouding words and thought
Like veils with knives in each dark fold.

The sharpest death in life is when
Ghost-ridden spirit tries to kill
For very shame of self the love
It woke before, one heart to fill.

That hour he died she did not know
That love in death could last so long
In piecemeal days of right and wrong,
And sparring with a hidden foe.

THE FLESH AND THE STAR

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

The crimson mantle of your flesh and veins
Throbs with such atoms as comprise the cloud,
The red sand whirling on the Martian plains,
The nebulous dust where glow-worm systems crowd.
That sea, moon-yellowed, and rock-steepled height;
Those ruby petals, gemmed with dew like tears,
Are kindred in substance to the worlds whose light
Has wandered to reach us through a billion years.

Under the intricate branchings of the plan,
How simple the pattern, like a child's design,
Linking the fierce-starred cosmos to the man;
Making a straw, a fleck of foam divine;
Shaping the universe on a single frame,
Where grass and galaxies share one pulse and aim

LOVE AND THE SEA

D. ANTHONY BRIDGEMAN

I have a promised and remembered love
That is made obvious in the silver cloudwrack
And in the round face of the moon. I find it tattoed on the back
Of my own hand that lies upon my knee,
I see it burn within the thin dark tree
Leaning toward the cold wind faithfully.

I have a promised and remembered love
That is disclosed upon the lips of roses
Colouring the noon. The violent hope of Moses
And memory of Mark is found deep down
The August water, where blue and brown
Are promise and memory, country and town.

I have a promised and remembered love
Implicit in the wren's small calling
From stone to stone. Here in the heavy river's falling
Upon the balanced sea, here where the white-willed sea birds run
In admiration of the sun
The past and future of love are one.

'SINGER OF THE DALES'—
DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

WILFRID J. HALLIDAY

If you mention the name of Dorothy Una Ratcliffe to any North Country man or woman, you will get at once the reply, 'Oh! yes, the poet of the Yorkshire dales. Didn't she write "Singing Rivers" and "Dale Courtin'" and "Under t' Hawthorn"? And an amusing book about Mrs. Buffey in war-time? But now I bethink me, that last one wasn't in verse.' And yet though Dorothy Una Ratcliffe herself would be greatly pleased by this friendly sign of recognition, it falls far short as a summing-up of her poetic achievements.* She is, *par excellence*, the poet of the Dales. Her native dales and their dalesfolk are the perennial source of her inspiration – a fountain that assuredly will never dry up – but she has written with charm and understanding and joy on many other themes. In her poetry for the young she has entered into the minds and hearts of children with deep insight and genuine feeling. A lover of the sea, she has written its songs with grace and enthusiasm – songs born of the winds and foam that swept across the deck of her own *Sea Swallow*, cruising off the Western Isles, when

> standing by to take
> Her trick at the helm, she watched green water break
> Over the bow.

She has also written, with sympathy and (perhaps more important) with extensive knowledge of their life and lore, about the gypsies. There is a nomadic strain in her own make-up; at any rate, though alive to their peccadilloes and their amiable roguery, the gypsy in her springs to their defence every time. These gypsy lyrics are to be found in a collection entitled *Romany Joter*. They breathe the very spirit of Romany ways, their care-free life and their proud independence. To the importunate 'foreign' suitor who wants her for his bride, the gypsy girl replies:

> I'd liefer bide wi' my gaffer's vans
> An' travel fra' sea to sea;
> What 'ud I do wi' servin' folk
> Who are used to Quality?

Dorothy Una Ratcliffe's poetic range is not bounded by the Wharfe and the Swale: nor is it confined to dialect poetry. There is indeed

**Singing Rivers* (1922), *Dale Lyrics* (1926), *The Shoeing of Jerry-go-nimble* (1926), *Nightlights* (1929), *Dale Courtin'* (1933), *Romany Joter* (1937), *From all the Airts* (1940), *Rosemary Isle* (1944), *Under t'Hawthorn* (1946), *Until That Dawn* (1949), *Up Dale* (1952), *Over Hill, Over Dale* (1956).

something artificial about this prosaic division into themes and modes: what I want to do is briefly to trace the sources of my own pleasure and appreciation in reading her poetry.

She is essentially a lyric poet. Her best lyrics are like the songs of birds, spontaneous, the swift expression of a mood, sometimes gay as sunlight, sometimes poignant and sad – a cloud obscuring the sun. There is the nostalgic song written in the Antipodes or in Central Africa, and recalling the homely splendours of her native Dallowgill:

> No matter wheer thoo wanders
> Be't north, south, east or west,
> In hot lands or in cold lands,
> Thi heart will finnd no rest
> Fra' mine: in far-off rivers
> Thoo'll hear my Laver call,
> Sweet chimings of its hidden bells,
> Wheer alders grow sae tall.

This link with home is a recurrent theme. Dorothy Una Ratcliffe has been – and still is – a great traveller, but every voyage has merely been a journey to Yorkshire via Uganda or New Zealand or Iceland. The pull of the tether is felt almost all the time. She may linger a little longer in Iona or Skye or Greece, but it is only because these places have hallowed associations with a happy and never-to-be-forgotten time when life had been remoulded to the heart's desire. Some of what one might call the personal lyrics are deeply moving:

> Summer's here; how many summers shall we, dear heart, share and know
> Ere we set out on that journey on which all of us must go:
> But are Isles of Heaven as bonnie as our Isle-of-Long-Ago?

In the collection from which this extract has been chosen – *Until That Dawn* – the mood is throughout an elegiac one. Loss and the tears in mortal things are the theme, but there is no self-pity, no sentimentalizing. The lyric impulse throughout is intense and natural. In the 'Rock Pool' –

> Some cables away stands a roofless croft,
> An old apple-tree and a trailing rose.
> What happened to the child who loved the ship
> And the tree and the rose? Nobody knows,
> For the ship has lain in the pool so long:
> All's silent save for the wheatear's song.

But it would be false to suggest that most of the time Dorothy Una Ratcliffe brings the eternal note of sadness in. Her poems abound in gay portraiture of happy people. The humour of the dalesfolk shines through many a deft and delicate vignette.

Ther's girls wi' finer figures,
An' girls wi' bonnier hair,
Wi' larger een, an' breeter,
An' cantier, but I swear
In a' my days I nivver heard
Sae sweet, sae leetsome voice
As that o' t' lass o' Dallowgill –
I wish I wur her choice.

It is the joy of living, indeed, that is the impression left after reading these poems. She wants to be loved, she wants love to be a guiding star in everybody's life. She wants to share with someone else the beautiful sights and sounds that her poetic sensitivity seizes on, and her verse illumines. She will have nothing to do with cloistered virtues. She is always inviting her readers to share her vision of the lovely things in life, the personal traits and happy dispositions of people as well as the picturesque landscape on sea and land.

But if her poems never depart far from the human theme, love of nature is the constant background. She has obviously a keen colour sense, and almost a professional botanist's knowledge of wild flowers.

At Hardraw, at Gayle, there are catkins,
At Aysgarth the hawthorn has buds:
At Bainbridge the blackthorn's in blossom,
And windflowers troop in the woods.
And April is winning at Leyburn,
Her primroses storming the Shawl,
Cuckoo-pint, mercury, violets,
Celandines round Nappa Hall.

All the moorland birds and the birds of the dales are familiar friends: yaller-yowlings, ruddocks, gowks, dunnocks, curlews, throstle, lark and linnet, jeremy joy and jenny-hullet.

Dorothy Una Ratcliffe's native heath is Dallowgill. Her parents rest in the secluded, beautifully-poised churchyard there. Wensleydale is hers by adoption, and she has made it doubly hers by prescriptive poetic right. It is this dale and the near-by moors, with their peaty streams, their purple heather, their curlew cries, that are in her blood. But her verses for children – mostly included in *Nightlights* and *Rosemary Isle* usually deal with the sea. The topics are pirates and islands, the Spanish Main, schooners and captains and stowaways. All these have the naive and simple directness that children can understand and appreciate. Those that tell a story, like 'The Stowaway', or describe a situation like the 'Pirates' Tea-Party', undoubtedly appeal to children who love the seaside and 'messing about in boats'. Their appeal may be less to the city child – there is a poem for him in *Nightlights* – and the country child.

Ivor Brown has referred, in an appreciative review, to her simplicity. This, I think, is the source of her strength and her effectiveness as a poet. There is no posturing, no aping of passing mannerisms, no pretentiousness. She lets the words and the music speak for themselves. Her imagery is taken from the land and the sea and the air, and the common things that round us lie. The simplicity of her verse is the simplicity of Blake and of the Lyrical Ballads. It is simplicity of communication, though the thing communicated – the emotion, the imaginative tension – may be subtle and profound.

Dorothy Una Ratcliffe's latest book* contains, to use her own descriptions, Rhymes of the Dales, Sea Rhymes and Bairn Rhymes. Here are all the same winsome qualities which we have noted in her earlier work. We are given enchanting descriptions of daffodils at Temple Sowerby: we are beside the becks and on the moors again; in Upper Wensleydale – 'dale of our hearts, so grey and green'; we are round the world in a 'bonnie white yawl', among the islands which 'like blue petals dot the dim horizon', and by the Vaal River, where 'ox-teams paused and panted'. These songs of distant places are instinct with feeling for the *genius loci*. They are lit up with flashes of descriptive insight –

> Up bobs a round head, a spaniel with no ears?
> No, it is a grey seal with her moon-white whelps –

and

> The hillocky dunes form a sheltering wall
> Where the red-stemmed dogwood grows,
> Waving grasses and prickly shrubs,
> And a riot of wild dog-rose.

The children's rhymes are still mostly concerned with the seas and voyages, but they are the intimate outpourings of a child lover.

> Sitha, sweeting Bairn!
> When thoo cooms an' goes,
> Knaw thoo is welcome
> As t' first hedge rose;
> When thoo toddles away,
> Hours seem sae lang,
> Like a winter's day
> Withoot robin's sang.

If I seem in this short essay to have stressed, perhaps too much, the dialect poems, it is because I think they are the most characteristic part of Dorothy Una Ratcliffe's poetry – characteristic in the sense that it is in these poems that one will find more aspects, more facets

**Over Hill, Over Dale* (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.).

of her rich and varied personality. But to show the variety of her poetic gifts, I will close with an early sonnet, from *Four Letters*:

Never to see you! never to share again
The benedicite of falling snow,
Never to watch the planets wax and wane,
Or how the seasons wistfully come and go!
Never to stand on moor-tops hand in hand
Letting the hours glide over us, as we mark
A snaky river coiling through a land
Of intake, ploughlands, meadow, covert, park.
Never to watch again the tide creep in
Stealthily, or share a rainbow's fleetness!
What is there left down all the years to win?
Without you, everything would lose its sweetness.
I should not die, but Life would be as a light
To one who is deprived of sense of sight.

LAMENT FOR AN OLD CROFTER

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

I

Where's Hector and his sheep-dog Roy?
His croft's brown door is shut;
He's not inside the cattle shed.
Closed too is the annex hut.

This is the hour he homeward shoos
His cows; a gentle flick
Over their red and white clean flanks
With his trusty hazel-stick.

Two bonnie Ayrshires – one in milk –
And a lively heifer-calf,
Whose pranks with Roy, has many a time
Made Hector laugh.

II

He's not near the Cliff of the Rowan;
He's not on the Hill of the Frog;
He's not in the Hollow of Thistles,
Nor alongside the Iris Bog.

He's not by the Rock of the Wether;
Nor the little cornfield still green;
And up of the Hill of the Starlings
Neither he nor his Roy have been seen

III

He cannot have gone to the Sithean mor,
Nor the cave where the pigeons roost,
Nor the Coracle Port, where long, long ago,
The fairies came who were lost

He cannot have gone to Pollerain Bay,
Nor the North Shore of the White Sands
Where at star-rise, away, far, far away
Are the dimly-remembered lands.

IV

'Hector's gone. No more he'll stand
And greet you by his open door:
Bidding you welcome to his hearth.
He'll welcome no-one any more.

'No more you'll hear his "Come away in",
Nor watch his shrewd and dark-blue eyes,
Gentle with those who stood by Truth,
Scornful of those who dealt in Lies

'He's left the Isle of his Heart's Love,
Knowing, nowhere could fairer be
Than I-mo-chridh on a blue day
Encircled by a sapphire sea.'

V

If ever spirits can return to places greatly loved,
Then he will haunt the Machair and the bays of his green isle;
His voice will merge with echoes that ring thro' heather hills;
The sunlight of the summer will reflect his jocund smile.

The plains of Heaven are fertile, its flowering fields are fair,
But he will not find them fairer than the ones he left behind;
And those who loved him dearly, there are times when they may hear
Him calling Roy to herd the cows, when the wind is soft and kind.

TWO POEMS

ALICE R. KENDALL

MIGRANTS TO OLYMPUS

Winged myriads linked our lands, traversed domains,
Binding the seasons in cyclonic chains
Long before Man's uncertain aeroplanes.
Travellers, I have been with you at your source;
Followed the hazards of a destined course;
Chartering seas so far apart that one
Lay moonlit sleeping, one in tropic sun –

Identified with you my two extremes,
And known horizons touched in flight of dreams.
Once, caught in your frenzied parting schemes,
My childhood's fancy on the Scottish moors
Shared the swift passage to Egyptian shores,
Not guessing then that on this augured isle
Our tangent paths in truth would touch a while.

Yet – transient pilgrims – separate our ways;
For you return through dawn and sunset rays
Weaving the years with past and present days.
Only in Memory's flight I'll find again
Celtic heather opal-flecked with rain:
And, though these migrant thoughts may go with you,
My phoenix future burns to rise anew.

THE PESSIMIST

You sing of Spring! Fool! – flowering time is brief;
November, that unrelenting black-cowled thief,
Robs every bird of song
And damply creeps along
The swollen paths; crushing each fallen bloom,
Battering sun-enchanted dust to gloom.

Crimson ivy clots on the granite wall
And bees are trapped in frosty buds; call
To their warm sound sleep forever –
They'll answer never. Never
The dallying moth a-dancing through July;
Trails of blood cloud dark December's sky.

See where the sun, rising in pallid fright,
Westward scurries in haste to meet the night.
Sing to your Spring in vain!
Winter stalks again;
His icy fingers, craving her porcelain grace,
With opalescent snowflakes freeze her face.

CREATION

RICHARD WILLES

Ages have died and with them sleep their secrets.
No more we know what has been than will be.
Records in rocks? They are but feeble echoes
Of some brief moments in eternity.
Think not that Science can unravel Nature.
Nature blindfolds her with a mystic wreath.
Or, laughing, shews her ever growing problems
Solved by disclosing greater ones beneath.
O wise, wise fools! By Genius led
Life set you on the road down which you plod.
Could you not hear nor heed the voice which said:
Life and existence came, and are, of God.

SNOW: BEFORE AND AFTER

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

Now after brooding day-long on storm's theme,
Now in a dusk, where west horizons hold
No least wan hint of rose, dun clouds unfold
To loose the feather substance of a dream:
First flakes prelude – their grace ineffable –
An aerial legion; these, a myriad more,
While still unnumbered many as before
In dizzy sequence, night through, fall and fall.

Men wake to find an arch of indigo
Above a landscape, lucent, shimmering white,
And one still word synonymous with snow
Illumed on air in sparkle-dusted light.
The word is peace . . . where every sound is hushed,
Hearts listening to silence are wing-brushed.

'DEAR EDITORS—'

(The opinions expressed in the following Letters from Readers are not necessarily those of *The Poetry Review*.)

JUSTICE!

Let's not be tough with the man at the wheel. Let's hold to the gentlemen's code. An assassin may sit in an automobile; but whatever we do, he must have a square deal – this man who deals death on the road.

He's such a good fellow, a clubbable guy. A killer? Why certainly not. Indeed that's a scandalous thing to imply. But to-night a pedestrian's destined to die, because our good fellow's a sot.

Let's not be hard on the man in the car. Let's decently give him his due. The last double-whisky he has at the bar means curtains for me or for you. But let him proceed on his juggernaut way, and don't take his licence to murder away!

KENNEDY WILLIAMSON

A POET'S QUERY

Your reviewer of Lake Aske's poem 'Corona' suggests that 'fire' and 'higher' are not legitimate rhymes. Could he explain? To my ear the triphthongs in these two words are identical.

CLIVE SANSOM

EDITORIAL NOTE – *Fire*, one syllable, *higher*, two syllables.

DO YOU AGREE?

Here are two definitions of a poem that have occurred to me:

A poem is the casting of a poet's reactions to the world without or the world within, into a suitable mould, the imagination draping the emotions with as much artistry as it can command.

A great poem is the final fruit of a period of gestation, having its conception when an emotion fuses with imagination in a moment of tension, and develops in the sub-conscious, till a new tension results in the birth of the poem.

I don't know how far you and my fellow-readers will agree with them.

C. RAJU

THE REALITY OF EVIL

Is not 'P.H.' (July-Sept., p158) confusing sin with evil? A common mistake. Sin is human, evil devilish, no shadow but a black reality. But indeed life would be boring if only good were real.

Satan is as real as God. Hitler and Belsen and what they stand for as real as Christ and Calvary. A man wholly evil is more real than one statically good. Evil is much more than 'active negation'; it is an active and deadly poison. Regan and Goneril are as real as Cordelia.

> "In the lost boyhood of Judas
> Christ was betrayed."

No 'dark shadow ever changing and temporal,' but a foul and inseparable part of the river that is life.

BERESFORD RICHARDS

Book Reviews . .

EDWARD THOMAS

STEPHEN GRAHAM

Edward Thomas, by H. Coombes (Chatto & Windus, 18s.).

Poets are less easily forgotten than prose writers because poetry we like is more often copied into scrapbooks and more often quoted. And the memory of less-known poets is kept alive in anthologies. Edward Thomas wrote both good prose and good poetry, but his name to-day would not be much mentioned if his repute derived from his prose alone. And yet much of his best prose was so near to poetry that Robert Frost observed that it only needed re-spacing and some technical adjustment to pass as verse, and by the transition enjoy the appreciation it deserved. Frost picked certain paragraphs in Thomas's book, *In Pursuit of Spring*, and advised him to 'write it in verse form in exactly the same cadence'. Thus encouraged, the essay-writer turned to verse. It was only at the end of his life, but the hundred and forty poems he wrote during the two years before he was killed brought him a fame which looks like becoming lasting.

Edward Thomas grew to poetical expression at a time of life long after Hardy discarded prose for verse. Hardy also had carried his prose rhythms into poetry. The move was not entirely novel. But it must be admitted that modern fashion in writing facilitates the interchangeability of prose and verse. Carlyle told Browning that some of his poems would read much better in prose, but no one dared to suggest to Carlyle that *Sartor Resartus* would be better in verse – though it would!

For twenty years before he wrote poetry Thomas lived by doing odd jobs, book reviews and hack work for publishers. He also did nature essays and pursued what Henley called 'the cult of the tom-tit'. He began in the 'nineties, that period of which Chesterton wrote:

> We dream of the time when work was scrappy
> And rare in our pockets the mark of the mint.

You could just scrape along as a self-respecting free lance writer. It is much worse to-day: a man like Edward Thomas would not be allowed to begin. He could not live – far less support a wife – by the sort of writing Thomas was doing before he turned to poetry. Yet he suffered no privation: his melancholy did not derive from outward circumstances. He was undoubtedly melancholy, but that would not be adversely commented upon in another age. It was the melancholy which a poet has to have. Divine melancholy! There is nothing sad about it; it is not a pointer to a mental home.

Sad to relate, Edward Thomas was not much interested in Man. He had his back to politics, the court and sport, to bishops and archbishops, and he faced the country – Nature with her mutations, the eternal in the beautiful. He was an observer of the small lovelinesses and curiosities of field and hedgerow, almost a naturalist. So the horrible word 'minor' crops up. Mr. Coombes, though singing his praise admits that he was a minor poet. I would rather call him a minor Richard Jefferies, but the word 'minor' is objectionable.

It smacks of dead classification and wafts ingratitude. He was a true poet, not a minor poet, because he gave us poetry, and gold is gold.

I have come from the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight
Or winding, soon or late;
They cannot choose . . .

The tall forest towers;
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf above shelf;
Its silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And myself.

Much of what was fine in him stemmed from character. He was not conceited. 'My studied self-contempt is almost a disease,' he wrote. He was unpretentious to a degree and had a quiet simplicity – as of a wild flower one neglects to notice when walking through the woods, a theme in itself for a poem.

Wonderful young man, Edward Thomas in 1915, and the government of the day could only see in him – *a bayonet.* In 1917 he was killed and earned his invisible place in the Cenotaph. Forty years later books about him are still being written and that by H. Coombes is the latest and best.

GENIUS AND INGENUITY

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

The Mask of Keats, by Robert Gittings (Heinemann, 16s.).

This is a collection of very readable research-essays, each dealing with some facet of Keats's poetry, and a critical coda to the author's previous and more sustained work, *The Living Year.* He discusses in learned and elaborate detail the Rome death-mask; the poet's debt to Dante; the enigma of Mrs. Isabella Jones, who, we are asked to believe, inspired 'The Eve of St. Agnes' and the so-called Last Sonnet; Chaucer's and Shakespeare's theme of Troilus and Cressida and its influence on Keats; the native region of Thomas the poet's father; the poet's borrowings from or transmutations of passages in Chatterton and Beckford; his lost poem on the hyacinth; and to what extent Hazlitt, Lamb, Hunt, Byron and Wordsworth are caricatured in his last and most confused composition 'The Cap and Bells'.

The sleuth-work is wonderfully ingenious and the wealth of documentation is staggering, even on such a trivial question as whether Keats's father originally hailed from Holworth or Lulworth or Milton Abbas. But what is the point of all this ponderous solemnity? Are we to infer that theories, at best largely hypothetical, about Milton's grandmother conduce to a deeper appreciation of Comus? Surely what matters is the poetry itself. When we turn to it, poetic genius being the inexplicable thing it always is, how little Mr. Gittings has actually proved.

For example, Dante: all that is proven by the documentation and most

elaborate appendices, reproducing the marked passages in Keats's copy of Cary's translation, is that the poet, having little Italian, studied parts of the 'Inferno,' that is, less than a third of the 'Commedia' and at second hand, with close attention. There is of course virtually no real Dante in Keats; Mr. Gittings seems merely to be rationalizing the falsity of his own preoccupations. He is on much safer ground when drawing attention to similarities, say, between Hyperion's palace (Book I) and a passage in Beckford's *Vathek*. But anyone well versed in romantic literature could show with just as apparent conclusiveness that Beckford inspired not so much this part of 'Hyperion' as the palatial magnificence of the wedding feast in Lamia.

Tennyson talks somewhere of critics 'who swamp the sacred poets with themselves'. Mr. Gittings, a poet of distinction himself, should well know what this means. For those, however, who prefer this modern game of clue-hunting to reading the actual poetry his agile prose and nimble theorizings should provide considerable amusement.

THE THREE R'S

F. PRATT GREEN

Poems from the North, by Kathleen Nott (Hand and Flower Press, 7s. 6d.).
Uncertainties and Other Poems, by John Press (O.U.P., 10s. 6d.).
Sequences, by Siegfried Sassoon (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.).
Selected Poems, by Lawrence Durrell (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.).

'The first step in appreciating poetry,' says C. Day Lewis in his little pamphlet on *Enjoying Poetry*, now reissued for the National Book League by the Cambridge University Press, 'is to learn the three R's – Rhythm, Rhyme, Repetition – for all poetry is based on them. They are the instruments which communicate the magic of poetry.' Elementary, my dear Watson? Perhaps so; but elucidation shows that the critic includes under Rhythm 'a loose rhythmical pattern', under Rhyme 'all assonance and alliteration within a poem', and under Repetition 'one image repeating, modifying, enlarging upon another', so that the three R's are not as simple as they look. This pamphlet, which costs half-a-crown, can be recommended, also, for its useful list of books, about and of poetry. Bearing its rules in mind, how do the four poets under review impress us?

Kathleen Nott treats rhythm with great freedom, manages her rhythms better when she controls them with strict rhyme, as in 'Nature's Betrayal', a toughly intellectual and most enjoyable poem on Wordsworth, and in some poems depends dangerously on rather obvious repetition, as when she toys with 'a lost lake' in 'Old Love New Discovered', or starts off:

> We are in a strange country. How often one dreams
> of being in a strange country. But here I mean
> that we *are* in a strange country.

Fortunately she is not often as flat, and unmagical, as this. Her poetry is cerebral, even when it deals with love, at times irritatingly difficult, but rich in ore for those prepared to dig for it.

Admirers of *The Fire and the Fountain*, one of the most perceptive of recent books on poetics, will be disappointed by *Uncertainties*, much as we might be

disappointed by a bishop's practice of Christian ethics. John Press does not ignore the three R's. On the contrary, easy examples are on every page.

> They stand on the bridge above the deserted mill,
> Motionless, face to face.
> Below them the urgent waters shuttle and weave
> A fret and foam of lace

is perhaps too elementary to make any strong appeal. This book, in fact, is curiously unimpressive. The best poems in it are those in which a sympathetic wit livens the versification.

Siegfried Sassoon, the most effectively satirical poet of the First World War, has his small, secure niche among the immortals. If he has never so deeply moved us since, he has never failed to write verse which is both satisfying to the ear and stimulating to the mind. In *Sequences* the irony is gentler, the bitterness purged. Akin himself to Thomas Hardy, he gives us in one poem, 'At Max Gate', a picture of Hardy as an old man, his last sad comment being:

> Somebody had taken Mr. Hardy's place.

This book is evidence that Siegfried Sassoon is recognizably the same compassionate questioner he ever was.

It is a pleasure to have the *Selected Poems* of Lawrence Durrell. Having so recently written of his work in *The Poetry Review*, I must content myself by saying that he is a poet's poet, the most accomplished of the four poets under consideration, handling his three R's with conscious skill, though lacking the desire to interrogate experience as sharply as, in their different ways, do Kathleen Nott and Siegfried Sassoon. His gift for light verse should be more fully exploited. 'A Ballad of the Good Lord Nelson' is, surely, the funniest poem of the century. It is more likely to earn him enduring fame than anything else he has written, perhaps because it hits the nail so hard on the head and drives it right home.

After all, what is the use of accomplishments if they fail to accomplish anything worth the effort? It is *what* the poet communicates, as well as *how* he communicates it, that counts – and counts decisively with posterity.

PEACE AND WAR

EVELYN D. BANGAY

The Glory of the Year, by C. B. Toosey (The Guild Press, 3s. 6d.).

The Battle of London, by Lilion Latham (Clarendon Printers, Beaconsfield, 2s. 6d.).

There is contrast even in the titles of these two small books of verse. Miss Toosey is entirely absorbed in watching her countryside, and each poem is a little vignette of observation in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Into eight lines are packed the significant details of each season expressed in many an individual term of speech. These poems have appeared weekly in a Surrey Newspaper and have interested a large number of its readers.

Lilion Latham writes stirringly of conflict, both outward and inward. She has achieved that rather rare thing: patriotic verse without the clichés that usually weaken and smother it.

LUCIFER AND LUCIAN

JOHN REDWOOD ANDERSON

Lucifer. A Poem by John Cowper Powys. With wood engravings by Agnes Miller Parker. Limited edition of five hundred and sixty copies, signed by the author. (Macdonald, 55s.).

A Letter to Lucian and other poems, by Alfred Noyes. (John Murray, 10s. 6d.).

We know John Cowper Powys as a great novelist: he has now revealed himself as a no less great poet. For *Lucifer* is unquestionably a great poem. It was written half a century ago, and its setting is the ancient mythological world, but its application is thoroughly modern. Like 'Paradise Lost' and 'Prometheus Unbound', it is a poem of revolt; but this revolt is neither that of Evil against Good, nor of patient suffering against omnipotent tyranny. It is the revolt of the natural against the spiritual, of Youth against Age, of *eros* against *agape*, of the New against the Old, of the West against the East, of an ever-increasing Paganism against an ever-waning Christianity: and *that* revolt is essentially of to-day – it is before us, and we are in the midst of it. In this respect it is significant that these great antagonistic forces – typified, on one hand, by Jehovah trembling for his throne, and, on the other, by Lucifer confident in his hope of building on the ruins of that throne his new City of Cosmopolis – are never brought face to face. Not only is the conflict left unresolved: the battle is not even joined. For Christianity, and the moral and spiritual values it stands for, is not dead; nor is Paganism, even in its decorous disguise as Humanism, victorious: the battle is still being fought, and the end is not yet.

Mr. Powys tells us that he was chiefly influenced in the writing of this poem by Milton, Keats, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. This is true; yet in no sense is *Lucifer* derivative. From the first word to the last, both in inspiration and treatment, it is pure Powys: it is an outstanding example of the truth that the only originality worth having is that of which the author is unaware. It is pure Powys: in the intimate observation of, and tenderness for, little evanescent things; in its descriptive power; in its eloquence and the grand sweep of its imagination; and, especially in the whole of the First Part and the end of the Sixth, in the splendour and majesty of its language.

Great praise is due to the publishers for the superb get-up of the book, and also to Agnes Miller Parker for her beautiful and restrained engravings.

Except for one great virtue, that of complete lucidity, no two poets could present a greater contrast than Mr. Powys and Mr. Noyes. Where the first is the adversary of Christianity, the second is its staunch and unquestioning champion; where the first is epic and his verse harmonious, the second is lyric and his verse melodious; where the first is guilty of occasional carelessness, the second never is. In epic or dramatic poetry such occasional lapses are of little account: in lyrical poetry they would be fatal; and it is precisely this meticulous care, this quality of '*teres atque rotundus*', that is one of the greatest charms of Mr. Noyes's verse.

Many of the poems in this small volume could be singled out for special

praise, did space permit. I must content myself with mentioning a few. Of the longer poems, 'A Letter to Lucian' and 'The Roll of the Ages', the second is far the better, even if one discounts what appears to me a certain unfairness to the critical attitude of to-day towards fundamentals. But it is in his shorter and simpler poems that Mr. Noyes is at his best. I would particularly mention 'The One and the Many', 'A Mulberry Tree', 'Ecce Homo', 'The Empty Room', 'At Nightfall', and, most particularly, 'The Good Pagan': and I would add to them three poems 'after Horace'. They are in no sense translations, but they give the feeling and the general sense of their models, and, in so far as English can, a wonderfully faithful and readable imitation of the original Latin metres.

TELL ME NOT IN MOURNFUL NUMBERS

KATHLEEN VALMAI RICHARDSON

Rhyme and Reason, by H. S. Mackintosh (Rupert Hart-Davis, 10s. 6d.). *Good Intentions,* by Ogden Nash (Dent, 10s. 6d.).

I never know whether to laugh or cry when I hear some of our Real Poets rejecting light verse with the same flinching voice used by our grandparents in allusion to light women. There is the same fear of having fun and the same confusion of Light with Loose underlying. To fulfil the dictates of the traditional forms involves hard labour and a command of technique; perhaps that is why they have fallen into decay. True, the superficiality of a past generation of 'graceful' triolet, ballade and rondeau, has left little but a stale whiff of patchouli behind. The villanelle (meaning: a country dance) has been deodorized with clinical rigour by Empson and his satellites and given a college education, though Dylan Thomas has charged its reiterations with true feeling in that moving poem to his blind father.

To-day, if we have any potential Dobsons, Chestertons or Bellocs, they seem content to fabricate commercial terse verse which is not worth the trouble of collecting. Real Poets like Auden, MacNeice and Graves do ignore pettifogging distinctions between verse and poetry but, like Betjeman and A. P. Herbert, prefer their own architectural devices; and the small versifiers lack both the daring and the stamina to do more than jerry-build. It is high time that someone did something about it, and in *Rhyme and Reason,* someone has.

H. S. Mackintosh, who uses the ballade, the villanelle and the sonnet forms with accomplished ease and gusto, displays a stimulating talent. Toughness without roughness and a wit not too whimsical refresh the adult mind. A ballade a day can keep the doctor away, despite evidence to the contrary among his *envois orphelins:*

> Doctor, receive with compliment and greeting
> The lines of one whom liquor overtook:
> Indeed the causes of our pleasant meeting
> Are (largely) in the contents of this book.

It would be difficult to find two authentic wits whose means of expression are so sharply contrasted as those of H. S. Mackintosh and Ogden Nash. Nash has forged his own tools with such success that lesser men often borrow them. *Good Intentions* is a reprint of one of his early collections. The contents have been

sorted out to prevent duplication in a uniform series of his work. They embrace bright samples of his three idioms: the neat, the sprawling, and the short snappy. The Nash version of *vers de société* in pieces like 'There's Always an Ullabub' achieves the extraordinary feat of remaining pungent while meandering. Those fifteen foot lines contain no slithered-over redundancies. My favourite 'short' is 'The Phoenix' dealing succinctly with that tiresome pest which, as any poetry editor knows, nests with boring persistence among Real Poetry manuscripts:

It lays one egg,
Not ten or twelve
And when it's hatched,
Out pops itselve.

Can this be the origin of that graphic American expression 'egghead'? In any case, I echo 'an ardent shucks' to the species. If, indeed, Hell is paved with good intentions I am all for the Descent. But I should have liked listening in to Mr. Nash's ruminations upon the Doctor's too facile phrase and have welcomed some conclusions upon the converse of this hypothesis, which would involve the heavenly destination of bad intentions. It would have made a splendid title poem.

THREE GENIAL GROUSES AT MR. FRASER

KENNEDY WILLIAMSON

Poetry Now. An Anthology, edited by G. S. Fraser (Faber, 15s.).

In view of the considerable services that Mr. G. S. Fraser is continually doing to the cause of Poetry, I hope it may not seem too ungracious and ungrateful, if I make three complaints.

(1) He has publicly declared, and now reiterates the fact in his preface, that in compiling an anthology he chooses *poets* first and *poems* afterwards. He makes a list of the poets who in his judgement are worthy to appear in *Poetry Now*, and then selects a poem or poems from the work of each. The method no doubt is that of the charmed circle; it is also the method of the closed shop. It means that you may write the best poem that ever was, but it will not appear in Mr. Fraser's anthologies, unless you happen to be on his little list. The method is clearly going to induce its own Nemesis. The reading and book-buying public will, in time, discount the claim of the volumes to be anthologies; they will be recognized as compilations (no doubt very good) of poems by Mr. Fraser's acquaintances. Surely it cannot be gainsaid that the method is wrong. A good poem is a good poem by whomsoever it happens to be written.

(2) No decent-minded person will object to Mr. Fraser's decision to restrict his anthology to the work of younger poets. Only one poet over fifty years old is represented, and most of the poets are much younger. This is, of course, excellent; it means that the Chatterton and the Keats of our age may get a better deal in their own day and generation than they did. In a world which sets so much store by the established reputation, it is refreshing to find a

phenomenon like this anthology for which an established reputation tends to be disqualifying. Yes, but why on earth call such a collection of poems 'Poetry *Now*'? Poets over fifty are writing *now*. The plain fact is that Mr. Fraser's preface and Mr. Fraser's title are mutually contradictory. Any person who read the title and read the poems, without reading the preface, would derive a wholly erroneous impression of *poetry now*.

(3) Mr. Fraser writes: 'There are omissions that I am unhappy about.' Poets he would have liked to include are excluded. No one would doubt the genuineness of his unhappiness; but it is strange that he did not see how easily some of this unhappiness could have been dissipated. One poet here is given three poems, and there are twenty-seven who have two each. Now what matters to a poet (especially an unestablished one) is to appear in an anthology; it is comparatively unimportant whether he has one or two or three poems. If my mathematics are right, Mr. Fraser could have included twenty-nine additional poets and so alleviated much of his unhappiness. Why didn't he?

Having aired my grievances, I would like to say (concisely but, I hope, cogently) that the anthology contains much first-rate poetry, the preface is stimulating and valuable, the book is finely produced and printed, and the pages have been carefully proof-read. Fraser and Faber are a formidable team.

AUSTRALIAN ROUND-UP

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

Woman To Man and *The Two Fires*, by Judith Wright: *Three Men and Sydney*, by Nancy Keesing: *Orpheus and other Poems*, by Harold Stuart (Angus and Robertson, each 15s.): and *The Sonnet In Australasia*, by Louis Lavater (Angus and Robertson, 21s.).

Emerging from its chrysalis of racy lyrics and bush ballads, Australian poetry came to maturity in the 'twenties with the technical command and perception of Kenneth Slessor, Douglas Stewart, and Robert Fitzgerald, and it cannot be doubted that Judith Wright achieves a similar stature. Her second book *Woman to Man*, first published in 1949 and now republished, movingly revealed the feminine spirit in its full need for and its gift of love:

> This is the blood's wild tree that grows
> the intricate and folded rose.

In her latest and fourth volume, *The Two Fires*, her plea for love extends to envelop a wounded world. Several of her latest poems, especially the poem that gives its name to the book, have that quality of profound compassion that suffuses Edith Sitwell's 'Still Falls The Rain' – which is high praise indeed:

> The world, that flower that housed the bridegroom and the bride,
> burns on the breast of night.

Nancy Keesing in *Three Men and Sydney* concerns herself with her native city set between bush and sea. With understanding and pungency she draws

aside a curtain on despair and hope, yet humour strikes through like relieving rain;

> This city
> strangles more slowly. Masks itself in a pity
> of sunlight . . .
> Friend, you were wise
> to travel from its merciless scrutinies.

We walk happily with Harold Stuart (*Orpheus and other Poems*) in his devotion to myths as the embodiment of true history, but not with his implicit conclusion that therein resides all truth as a touchstone. Myths are so often the appeasing theories of early peoples that later thought must mould and modify. There are, however, colour and power in his rendering of the myths of the Orient, and to my thinking this section of his book is more successfully contrived than that devoted to Orpheus.

Lastly in this round-up is the labour of love that Louis Lavater, poet and composer, left as a memorial when he died, eighty-six years old, in 1953. His anthology of over three hundred Australasian sonnets is selected with fine discernment and his historical introduction is masterly. Here are many treasures; the excellencies of Hugh Macrae and Kenneth Mackenzie, the strength of Kenneth Slessor and Marie Pitt and, happy inclusion, our old friend of the Pacific isles, Arthur Grimble. How well tradition has been received and sent back with a new music and a new virility.

'POETS MADE AS WELL AS BORN'

NOTES BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

(The inclusion of a new work in these notes does not preclude a subsequent review.)

New editions and reprints of famous books, coming to us in all shapes and sizes, at prices both high and low, have never been more worthily produced than now – never since the first days of the Everyman's Library and the World's Classics. Pope and Milton are beautifully commemorated in the latest Everyman list – a selection of Pope's verse by Professor Dobree (6s.), and the complete works of Milton with an introduction by Professor B. A. Wright (7s.), both, of course, from Dent. And the latest work in the World's Classics is Edmund Blunden's memories of the first World War – *Undertones of War* (Oxford University Press, 6s.). Arnold Bennett wrote of the work when it was first published in 1928: 'This book will be a classic. It cannot *not* be a classic.' The author, now living in Hong Kong, has contributed a new preface.

William Blake's poem, 'The Four Zoas', was entitled 'Vala' in the first manuscript, and after the stupendous task of co-ordinating its leaves and assembling the numbered text as the poet must have wished, Professor H. M. Margoliouth has presented them as *Vala* (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 42s.). Scholars in years to come will be grateful to the editor and also to Mr. Geoffrey Cumberlege for leaving such a beautiful book on his retirement as a publisher. Another reprint from Oxford is an edition of Keats's poems edited by H. W. Garrod (Oxford University Press, 12s. 6d.). As we wander through its enchanting pages, renewing old affections, we forget that nowadays there

are tittle-tattlers and scandal-mongers who are determined to make a great poet look as mean as their purpose. Shelley and A. E. Housman are reprinted in the Penguin Poets series (3s. 6d. each) with introductions by, respectively, Isabel Quigly and John Sparrow. A further rare gift to scholars is *Drafts and Fragments of Verses*, by William Collins, edited from the MSS by J. S. Cunningham (Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d.).

We turn to the new books with a reminder that the following brief notes about them are not necessarily our only mention. Always deserving a salute are the young writers and their publishers for venturing into volume-form at such a difficult period for even the known poets. Sometimes an author nowadays is his own publisher, and E. R. Manley presents *A Spate of Sonnets* 'more for the sake of having the sonnets in a reasonable form to interest friends in Yorkshire.' The author is a West Riding schoolmaster: his previous book, *Meet the Miner*, is familiar to thousands far beyond the borders of his home county. From York three of the new Guild Press publications have appeared – *Harvest*, by Joan Madeline Smith, also a teacher, *The Glory of the Year*, by C. B. Toosey, and *Rhythm* (poems within a poem), by L. Hayman – 3s. 6d. each. Along with them we welcome 'The Guild Broadsheets,' a sixpenny series that must surely attract all who are forming a private home-library of present-day poets.

From the Fortune Press comes *The Cold Flame*, by Fredon Kabraji (8s. 6d.), a vivacious collection of lyrics. Mr. Kabraji is an Indian poet, but his English is impeccable. J. Phoenice, whose work is admirably represented in one of the above-mentioned 'Guild Broadsheets,' has also published *Sea Climate* in typescript (Charles Sawyer, 2s. 6d.). Mr. Phoenice is an American, we understand, but his love of England is happily expressed in such pieces as a 'North Northumbrian Lovesong' and 'Farm in the Valley', where 'over the fields . . . the broken stubbles glitter like glass in the autumn sun.'

Only the printer's name appears on *Not to Lethe* by Roye McCoye (Abergele: J. H. Williams, 2s.). Anthony Hull's poems 'written in Mexico city,' *From a Foreign Shore*, are more helpfully distributed (Scrivener Press, Oxford, 8s. 6d.). There are nearly forty pieces in this neatly-produced book, and all are evidence that the poet has heard 'through my nightmares and prayers the song of the world's trouble.' *Morning, Noon, and Night*, by C. H. O. Scaif (American Press, Bayrut, unpriced) is a sequence of ten poems –

> Happiness his who joy and pain
> Abides and does not seeking go –
> He finds it, though by him unseen.

Vivian Hazell's *Poems* (Stockwell, 3s. 6d.) are introduced by a biographical note which ends: 'He has three pretty stable loves – Beethoven, Gustave Flaubert, and London.' Clarity is Brian Louis Pearce's virtue. His *Poems*, with which readers of *The Voice of Youth* are familiar, make a very promising volume – (Poet's Press, Bristol, no price given).

In *The Lynx-Eyed Strangers*, by Mabel Ferrett, there is a poem which stands arrestingly – perhaps because it is entitled 'Dr. Edith Sitwell':

> Buddha is in her face: her hair
> Drapes like the Christ's. Passive upon her knee

Her strong, white hand
Holds Hiroshima as a quill.

This is an Outposts Publication (College Press, Dulwich). But why, like so many less 'professional' publications, is such an excellent booklet sent for review without any price stated? Publisher Peter Russell of Tunbridge Wells tantalizes us in another way. His latest venture, a book of verses (8s. 6d.), by Charles David Ley, is entitled 2 *X* 2, and the only key to the puzzle lies in a quotation from 'Old Song' – 'The animals went in two by two.' By no means trivial the mood, though:

I fear
The sword of a steel world, the icy water
Of the deceitful Tormes,
As the sun sinks beyond
Gredos, which no lamp lights.

Another puzzler: *Zimbabwe and other Poems*, by Madeleine Exley (Penman Publications, Southend-on-Sea, 2s. 6d.). But the easily-running title-piece solves it. *By the Waters of Babylon* is Janet Lacey's simple and moving play about the suffering of ordinary people and refugees (Edinburgh House Press, London, 2s. 6d.). A second booklet from Stockwell (2s.) is *Carnival Town and other Poems* by Grace Bircham. Please, Miss Bircham, take more care in future when you are choosing words. See your verses 'My Horse is a Roamer,' which, as it is written, might be the work of a disciple of D. H. Lawrence!

Two books of verse, one sturdy, the other slender, head a list of half-a-dozen from the U.S.A. The name of Shull is the reason why we link them, Charles A. Shull being the editor of a booklet of prize poems published by the Poetry Council of North Carolina – *Bay Leaves, No. 3* – and *Fire on the Mountain* contains the work of Lena Mearle Shull (Banner Press, Georgia, 2.50 dollars). The awards in the North Carolina annual contest include a 'first honourable mention' by Bessie Willis Hoyt from whose 'sonnet' we quote:

He has no need for eyes, who opens wide his heart
And brings his world inside.

Lena Mearle Shull's verses could bear quotation over and over again. Her book is a record of 'down to earth experiences with the mountain folk of America's Southern Highlands.' Unfortunately the majority of the lyrics are written in dialect –

Seed a bee a-flyin'
Only yester-eve –

so that to quote might not be helpful. But humanity, sympathy and understanding enrich and give colour to their picturesqueness, and the very titles are charming.

Olga Papastamou has written a sheaf of poems in Greek which have been translated by Gaston-Henri Aufrere and Andre Hommel. *Awakened Daffodil* is the English title, and there is something Tagore-like about them:

You have placed in yourself the sacrifice . . .
a mocking, slim sword which sparkles
in the laughter of the crowd.

Madame Papastamou has published twenty volumes in poetry and prose. She describes herself, proudly, as a poetess as well as 'a writer and newspaper woman.'

COMPETITIONS FOR EVERYBODY– PRIZES WELL WORTH WINNING

I – *For Poets under 30 . . .*

THE MENDIP PRIZE COMPETITIONS: NUMBER THREE

A third generous offer has been made by a Friend of Poetry who wishes to remain anonymous.

A PRIZE OF FOUR POUNDS

will be awarded for a poem by a competitor between seventeen and thirty years of age. The poem must be lyrical with a pastoral theme, and is not to exceed thirty lines.

Reporting on the Award in an earlier competition, Stephen Graham wrote: 'If young people feel something in the English countryside it is right that they should be encouraged to try to express it in poetry. For that reason the donor of The Mendip Prize has made a gesture fully worthwhile.'

The winning poem will be published in *The Poetry Review*, along with the poet's name. The Editorial Board will adjudicate, and entries must be submitted not later than 1st July, 1957. Envelopes to be marked 'Mendip Prize', and addressed to *The Poetry Review*, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1.

II – *New and Unique*

THE GEOFFREY TANKARD CONTEST

Poets who are acquainted with Music will welcome our latest Competition. A distinguished Professor of Music who is also a Poet and a Friend of Poetry offers

TEN POUNDS

to be awarded for Poems about Music. The principal award is Five Pounds. No poem is to exceed thirty lines, and one poem only may be submitted by any one competitor. The manuscript must be neatly typewritten and, bearing the author's name and address, posted not later than 31st January, 1957, to The Poetry Society (Geoffrey Tankard Contest), 33 Portman Square, London W.1.

III – *A Famous Annual*

THE GREENWOOD COMPETITION FOR 1957–8

The Poetry Society is empowered by the executors of the late Mrs. Julia Wickham Greenwood to offer the sum of

TWENTY POUNDS

as the Shirley Carter Greenwood Prize for the best single poem in open competition.

Entries should be addressed 'The Greenwood Prize', 33 Portman Square, London, W.1. Only one poem may be submitted by any one competitor, the length not to exceed 250 lines no previously published poem may be entered. The full name and address of the author must be given and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed if return of the poem is desired. If a nom-de-plume is adopted, name and address of sender must be given in a closed envelope bearing the pseudonym. The winning poem will be printed in *The Poetry Review* and may be reprinted at the discretion of the Editorial Board, who may also reserve near winners for publication in *The Poetry Review*. Closing date is 31st August, 1958.

IV – *Members and Subscribers only*

THE PREMIUM COMPETITION

The above competition continues as before with the

TOTAL ENTRANCE FEES AS PRIZE MONEY

which may be won outright by a single competitor or may be divided at the discretion of the Premium Adjudicator. An entrance fee of 2s. 6d. will be charged,

and a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if a receipt is desired. Competitors must observe the following rules:

1. One poem only may be entered by each competitor.
2. The poem must be typed and no stamped addressed envelope will be required unless a receipt is desired (See Rule 3).
3. Competitors must retain copies of their poems, as none can be returned.
4. Entries must be addressed 'Premium Competition', *The Poetry Review*, 33 Portman Square, W.1.
5. Each poem must bear the author's name and address.
6. Entrants must be members of the Poetry Society or regular subscribers to *The Poetry Review*.
7. The winner of a full Premium or one who has shared the prize money will not be eligible for re-entry for twelve months.
8. No previously published poem may be entered.

The closing date for the next Premium Competition will be 1st March, 1957.

V — *An Old Favourite*

ORIOLE PRIZE, 1957

ORIOLE (a Poets' Group of The Poetry Society) offers an award of

FIVE POUNDS

for the best poem on a subject – Exploration. The Competition is open to all; entrance fee 2s. 6d. per entry. Competitors must adopt a pseudonym which should appear in block capitals on the manuscript, and in a sealed envelope containing the entrant's name and address. The entry not to exceed 32 lines.

Poems will not be returned. The winning poem may be published in *The Poetry Review*. Closing date, to be announced. Address: Oriole Prize, The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1.

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NEW YEAR EVENINGS AT PORTMAN SQUARE

'The Battle for Beauty is Never Finally Won.'

With the first Friday of the year The Poetry Society begins the following Series of weekly Readings and Talks by Ladies and Gentlemen of Distinction in the World of Art, January to April, at 33 Portman Square, 6.30 to 7.30 approx. Admission 1s., None-Members 2s. 'Everybody Welcome', and afterwards for an informal hour in the Rest Room.

January	4	'My Own Work.' THOMAS MOULT. With CONSTANCE MACCOLL. Chairman: JOHN GRADDON.
	11	'Water, Time, and Nature in *Macbeth*.' KENNEDY WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.L.
	18	The Story of Mrs. Siddons, ESME BERINGER. Illustrated by The Sleep-walking scene from *Macbeth*.
	25	An Evening with The O.U.D.S. Chairman: J. W. RUSSELL (Oxford University Dramatic Society).
February	1	'Oranges and Lemons.' A London Anthology: with MOLLIE LAWSON and RONALD SLY.
	8	'Looking Backward.' WILTON COLE.
	15	'Nothing so Sweet as Magic.' Selections from Christopher Marlowe, with DOROTHY CASEY, FRANCES LOVERIDGE and GEORGE WOOD.
	22	Indian Poetry. NATALIE MOYA and GEREK SCHJELDERUP. Chairman: J. REDWOOD ANDERSON.
March	1	Excerpts from Modern Plays, with EILEEN THORNDIKE and SYBIL EWBANK. Chairman: VIVIAN BURBURY.
	8	'Two Emilys, Two Charlottes.' JOAN HART, JOHN GLEN and ROSAMUND GREENWOOD.
	15	Latin Poetry. JACK LINDSAY. Readers: BRUCE MONTAGUE and CHARLES DORAN with originals, and Mr. Lindsay's own translations. Chairman: THOMAS MOULT.
	22	Our own poets, PAMELA CLEAVER, ALICE R. KENDALL, C. DENIS PEGGE and PAUL SELVER. Chairman: VIOLET ADAMSON.
	29	MARGARET RAWLINGS. 'From My Scrap Book.'
April	5	What is Happening To-day in Poetry? ROBERT ARMSTRONG, with ROMAYNE FORSYTH and MICHAEL HOWLEY.
	12	J. G. WILSON. 'A Bookseller Talking Again.' Chairman: THE PRESIDENT.

LATEST PRIZE REPORTS AND AWARDS

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT LAST LINES COMPETITION – RESULT

The Poetry Society has pleasure in announcing the result of the great International Contest, designed 'for Poets, Non-Poets, and Readers of Poetry,' and consisting entirely of LAST LINES FROM KNOWN POEMS. A record figure of One Hundred Pounds was offered – and

£135 AWARDED –

for the largest correct number of sources, no prize to exceed Fifty Pounds. The Competition was serialized in several issues, totalling 283 lines, and of these 276 were given by:

MRS. JUANITA PIERSE,
2 Culford Gardens,
Chelsea, London, S.W.3,

who therefore wins the First Prize of £50. That only seven lines should have been unsolved by her seems astonishing until we add that the winners of the other prizes all reached 270 solutions. Indeed, so praiseworthy were their efforts that we have added the sum of £35 to the £100 originally offered so that the first eight in the Competition are assured of a reward for their gallant efforts.

The second prize of £30 goes to JOHN A. SPURLING, of Sheerwater Farm Cottage, West Byfleet, Surrey, with 274 solutions – and we offer a special tribute to Mr. Spurling, because he is an Associate Member of the Poetry Society, which means that he is under twenty-one years of age and a reader of our junior quarterly *The Voice of Youth.*

The third winner of a prize – £20 – is MISS LAURA BRANSON, 61 Woodcock Dell Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex – 273 solutions.

Next, the extra Prizes. Ten pounds each for 272 solutions – a tie – MISS HILDA S. P. HUTCHINSON, Carlewrie, Kirkliston, near Edinburgh, and MISS CARLA LANYON LANYON, Rangi Cottage, Hawley Lane, Blackwater, Camberley, Surrey. And Five Pounds each to MISS BETTY M. SMITH, East View, Birdham, Chichester, Sussex (271 lines), MR. MICHAEL HATWELL, 56c Warrington Crescent, London, W.9 (270 lines), and MR. J. B. P. STEPHENSON, another Associate Member under twenty-one years of age (270 lines).

PALGRAVE Q. DOBREE, the 'builder' of the Competition, writes: 'The "poem" was at first a mischievous trick, read as a new work to a company of intellectuals in a city that shall be nameless – with distressing success! The compiler later showed it to our President as a curiosity, and the President annexed it for a quiz. The competitor's search has obviously given pleasure and profit to many – nearly a hundred . . . At first we were delighted with papers containing as many as 250 correct answers, but, almost to our

embarrassment, these all had to be put in a lower place than we expected . . . Entries came from U.S.A., Israel, and Australia . . . Some juniors made better scores than most of the older members, nine of them scoring more than 220 . . . The smallest score by senior or junior was 102. Even to know these by heart is to be rich. To know the whole 283 would be a fortune.'

Palgrave Q. Dobree wishes to add an explanatory comment on his occasional use of anthologies for his 'last lines' instead of the poets' own books. 'The chances of no competitor have been imperilled or even hampered by my preference: anthologies were used where the original sources were not available.' The complete list of solutions will be found in this number of *The Poetry Review* – see page 62.

And now for a Special Announcement. Another unique Competition for Poets and Readers, prepared by Palgrave Q. Dobree, and again with ONE HUNDRED POUNDS IN PRIZES, will begin in our next issue. Please tell your friends – and, Juniors, tell your parents.

*

SALUTE TO AMERICAN WOMEN!

HOWARD PARSONS SONNET COMPETITION, 1955–56

KENNEDY WILLIAMSON

The one hundred and five entries in the last of the late Howard Parsons competitions were quickly reducible to twenty-two, and then some astonishing discoveries were made: that the best sonneteers in the world are American women, and that English women cannot write sonnets. Of the twenty-two entries in the short-list, fifteen are by American women, three by American men, three by Englishmen and one by an Englishwoman. Eighteen entries of the final twenty-two came from America.

Here are the fifteen American women: Phyllis M. Flaig (Coral Gables), Hannah Kahn (Miami), Dorothy Brown Thompson (Kansas City), Edith Bannister Dowling (South Carolina), Anne C. Rose (Wisconsin), Martha Standing Foster (Ohio), Eleanor Graham Vance (Oklahoma), Miriam S. Foote (Washington), Zelma Engelhardt (Louisiana), Paula Nelson (New York), Fania Kruger (Texas), Miriam Allen de Ford (San Francisco), Ruth Crary Clough (Chicago), Olive W. Matthews (Pennsylvania), Constance Walker (Los Angeles).

The American men are: Orval Burdette Lippincott (Ohio), Marvyn Jones (Salt Lake City), Robert J. Richardson (California).

The four British representatives are: Alexander Sloan (Greenock), Bernard M. G. Young (Fordingbridge), J. Bond (Nottingham), and the sole woman, J. Phoenice (Beal, Berwick-on-Tweed).

Those who intend to enter for future sonnet-competitions should come to terms with the fact that an unimpeachable form is essential. It is just futile to allow blemishes in rhyme and metre to stand, in the hope that profundity of thought will compensate for them. In a contest where the rivalry is so keen, it is certain that some entries will have both qualities: form and content.

It seems evident that some writers are competing without having seen *The Poetry Review* and are relying on hearsay. If one of the conditions is that not more than two entries may be submitted by one competitor, and one competitor submits eight, what can an adjudicator do but disqualify all of them, however good?

The prize is awarded to Hannah Kahn, 40 N.E. 69th Street, Miami 38, Florida, for 'Asylum'. The threefold occurrence of 'as though' is less than ideal, and I do not like the collocation of 'out in' in Line ten, where the metrical stress is on the *in* but the voice-stress must be on the *out*. Nevertheless, we have here an inevitability of phrase; a poignancy of human pathos; a tremendous climax, where the screaming of the man within comes with an atrocious effect of shock after the blithe birdsong without.

ASYLUM

HANNAH KHAN

For them there is no day, no month, no year,
  No turning season and no moment's flight;
Sound swirls around them and they do not hear;
  Day shines about them yet there is no light.
They walk in silence, tentative and still
  As though they waited for a sudden tone,
As though by waiting they could somehow will
  The sound to come and claim it as their own.

Yet when they walk, they always walk together,
  As though they reached out in their loneliness
For something undefined, some unknown tether
  To bind each other in their own duress.
Outside, a bird sings blithely through the trees;
Inside, a man falls screaming to his knees.

ORIOLE POETRY PRIZE AWARD

Sir John Squire has adjudicated the Oriole Competition for a poem on 'The Spirit of Place', and the prize of £5 has been awarded to E. B. W. Chappelow, of Blackheath, London, for 'Reading Abbey', which it is hoped will be included in our next number.

Other poems which have had special mention in Sir John's commentary are 'A Singer Flies Home', by Jean S. Cox, of Sydney, New South Wales, and 'Whiteleaf, on the Icknield Way', by Margaret Sheppard Fidler, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

THE MENDIP PRIZE AWARD

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

This pastoral competition for younger poets is of great value as a reminder how Nature demands ever-fresh perceptive understanding of her delights and mysteries. There are some failures in imaginative response where poems were blemished by the hackneyed epithet or well-worn descriptive phrase, but in general the challenge has been accepted and the standard is high.

Undoubtedly the outstanding poem was Pamela Melnikoff's 'Virgil Lesson'. She dextrously wove her straying thoughts at school into a pastoral theme of beauty in which lines and images gleam as brilliant threads. Lionel Kenneth

Watson's 'Pastoral' must be given honorable mention. It is a simple poem of love and death, but so handled, ballad fashion, by abrupt cutting and climax that it has a poignancy all its own. Also commended is Helen Crichton's 'Seasons', a lyric of four stanzas that escapes conventionality by its underlying emotion and sincerity.

VIRGIL LESSON

(CANONS 1949)

PAMELA MELNIKOFF

'And now Aurora left the azure sea,
And Sire Aeneas raised his blinding spear . . .'
Beyond the classroom window we could hear
The languid chant of Summer's litany.
Our tangled Latin, fashioned to confuse,
Drowned in the music of the afternoon,
And harsh iambics yielded to the tune
Of drowsy linnets in lime avenues.

And what was Troy and all its heroes then,
And how should we ignore the cuckoo cry
That echoes through the cedar-columned sky,
To lose ourselves in tales of fighting men?
Yet, as we watched, the flower-embroidered fields
Changed to a tapestry of steel and flame,
And through the green, bird-broken silence came
The flash and clangour of a thousand shields.

And where the heavy, golden honey-bees
Drowned in magnolia blossom, halberds shone
And pluméd helmets, as the knights rode on
Beneath the arching banners of the trees . . .
Thus shall the Aeneid and Summer be
Forever linked, and greet me hand in hand,
Though I am gone from that enchanted land,
And schooldays dwindle to a memory.

For now dead Latin makes the living flowers
Bloom for me in that timeless, green domain.
Let Virgil speak, and lost Troy burns again
Amid the rose-pink, crumbling chestnut towers.

And linnets singing in the gilded limes
Blend with the battle-chants of olden times.

PREMIUM COMPETITION REPORT No. 29

ARTHUR VIVIAN BURBURY

In a recent Premium Competition which I had the honour to judge there were four poems of similar merit, but none which said: 'Here is a Winner.' In the present competition there is one which definitely did say so – 'To Rupert Brooke,' by Mabel Parker, Winsford, Cheshire, and it is awarded the prize.

Anne Boger's 'Remembrance Day' had great pathos, and Mrs. Tuffin's 'Labourer's Rest' impressed me. So did M. E. Chuter's 'Dreamer', and W. M. Toulmin's four lines on Walter de la Mare. I commend them specially among the fifty-five entries. Praise must also go to Winifred Kingdon-Ward for 'Wings', Daphne Dimsey for 'Jealousy', Alexander Buist for 'The Tranquil House', and E. F. Parker, June Clark, Dorothy Howard, and Isla Atherley.

TO RUPERT BROOKE

MABEL PARKER

You are not sleeping in that Grecian land!
Your spirit is alive, resplendent, glad –
As in those days when you trod, sandal-clad,
At Lulworth Cove or on Tahiti's strand.
You live! although I cannot touch your hand,
Your poems speak to me when I am sad,
Impulsive, love-sick, just a little mad!
No matter what my mood – You understand.

No earthly kinsman could have proffered more
Than these rich stanzas, crowning every page
With poet's gold, minted from muses' ore;
Enshrining dreams that live from age to age,
Not as dead ashes – 'dust whom England bore' –
But glorious Visions for our heritage.

THE LIBRARY AT PORTMAN SQUARE

During my task of checking the Library Index against the actual contents of the shelves, I have been quite horrified by the depredations which have occurred, not only over a long period, but within the last few years.

As most members know, our unique collection of books of poetry, about poetry and poets, and our dramatic and Shakespearian sections, have been built up almost entirely through the selfless generosity of reviewers who, by honourable tradition, give back their legitimate 'perks' for the enjoyment *and respect* of Society members.

Carelessness in returning books involves extra expense and much waste of time in chasing the laggards, and there is still forgetfulness and slackness in this matter. It does not appear that borrowers realize their holding on to a book deprives someone else of its use. Also – and I am reluctant to say it – there have been instances of books disappearing without record, although a careful search for the names of their borrowers has been made through at least six years. This is plain theft and one

can hardly blame the indignant reviewer who asks for whom and for what he relinquished the well-earned privilege of treasuring his review copies.

I hope to publish a list shortly of some essential volumes which we now lack, in order that the generous majority of members may fulfil their offers to make good the pilfering of the unethical few. I suggest that anyone who fills a gap should have a free choice, *quid pro quo*, from our stock of duplicates.

In future, the borrowing period for any book will be limited to *one month* with the privilege of renewal providing no other member is waiting for the same title. A number of old editions and costly reference books have been removed from the general Library and can be studied on application to the Secretary. Our object is to make the greatest number of volumes accessible to all and a little more co-operation and sense of responsibility will surely help to ensue this. To members I would say: 'They are *your* books – look after them'.

K. V. Richardson, *Library Councillor.*

PORTMAN SQUARE – THE UNDYING FIRE

An evening of homage to and thanksgiving for the lovely genius of Walter de la Mare opened the Autumn session. As when friends gather round a common fire to recall the many-sided mettle of a beloved brother, Lord Dunsany read his poem written for the memorial service in St. Paul's, Richard Church spoke of de la Mare's gentle philosophy, Thomas Moult of his kindness in friendship; all adding personal memories of glowing affection. And though Margaret Rawlings was prevented (and we know with what regret) from reading from his poetry, Kelty MacLeod embodied the always living voice. We also had the great pleasure and consolation of hearing Joyce Grenfell speak with such happy simplicity and intimacy of the great man that a sense of warm gratitude rather than empty loss inspired our last farewells to the earthly presence of this dearest of poets.

On 21st September, International P.E.N. sponsored a programme full of interest from 'Poets in Exile'. This was under the able chairmanship of Paul Tabori with readers: Joyce Sagar, Rosamund Greenwood and Michael Howley. A week later, Kelty MacLeod and Robert Bridger showed what the native muse can do in a London Anthology.

Our good friend and Counsellor, Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, over from Africa on a brief visit, read a selection from Commonwealth verse in his own delightful way on 5th October. The chairman, Constance MacColl dropped a hint of a quite different activity – his part in the 'Battle of the River Plate', soon to be revealed at the Command Film Performance. On to 12th October, when our Northern Ireland delegate, Edward Hazelton, presented 'Irish Poets of To-day'; a good, fresh selection with readers of authentic accent, Mary Casey and Eithne O'Shea, not forgetting Mr. Hazelton's own rich dialect. Tom Foley was to have taken the Chair on 19th October, but we learned regretfully that he was ill. Since then, our old friend has left us forever, greatly missed by those who valued his uncompromising spirit and fine critical judgement. *Eheu fugaces!* An experiment well worth the sharing was carried off brilliantly by Natalie Moya, Gerek Schjelderup and Dennis Macarthy, when each read a famous narrative poem. As the names of the readers indicate, that peak of professional skill required to sustain a long poem did indeed enthral the audience in the 'Pot of Basil' (Mr. Schjelderup) 'The Ancient Mariner' (Mr. Macarthy) and perhaps most manifestly in Miss Moya's 'Wreck of the Deutschland.'

Dr. Dannie Abse brought along three fellow Mavericks, compered by Howard Sergeant on 26th October. Poems notable for their sensibility rather than their tortuosity (very welcome in listening to contemporary work) were read by their authors: Vernon Scannell, Jon Silkin, Anthony Croninshield and Danny Abse. Robert Armstrong introduced the programme. The following Friday we renewed our acquaintance with Thomas Hardy as a poet through the biographical and critical

percipience of William Kean Seymour. In the examples read Mary Giles shared felicitously.

Four Voices: Macgregor-Hastie, Mary Giles, Vivienne Sewell, Alan Phillips, filled 9th November, and on the 16th, after a brilliant Shakespeare reading with Charles Doran and Michael Howley, Wilton Cole was presented with a charming coffee set, an album full of admiring signatures and warmest congratulations, when John Graddon, Robert Armstrong and Violet Adamson spoke for us all on that incredible event – his eightieth birthday. K.V.R.

PEN-FRIENDS IN POETRY
NEW YEAR NEWS FROM THE CENTRES

BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

The constant reader of these Reports from the Centres will remember a delightful suggestion by Miss Elsie Banister, of Southport, Lancashire (July-September number 1955), that members of The Poetry Society who are confined to their homes through ill-health or some other handicap should get together, spiritually speaking, and form a 'league' of Shut-ins. Pen-friendship would be their principle of communication, and Miss Banister was gratefully announced as the 'lady-president.' The scheme has proved very attractive, appealing to 'Shut-ins' as far away as Australia and America. From overseas, indeed, has come a sonnet 'dedicated to Elsie Banister and her shut-in Friends' by Cora Warburton Hussa, entitled 'The Traveller,' and we reproduce it here with a salute to the author and all our physically handicapped readers everywhere:

THE TRAVELLER

This traveller from pole to pole has sought
All strange and lovely places mountain-high
Or long, low beaches, where the ebb-tides sigh.
Adventures no mere money could have bought
Were hers where jungle beasts and birds were caught,
On blue lagoons or in the far blue sky,
On ocean floors, where pearls and galleons lie,
And dazzling Arctic snows with danger fraught.

Though all the while a shut-in she has seemed,
In dim cathedrals she has knelt to pray,
In gay fiestas known a joyous day
And reached all lands, of which she long has dreamed.
No plane, no train, no ship has borne her there.
On printed page she flew where strong men dare.

Across the Atlantic there is a lady who will readily respond to Miss Hussa's lines, because one of the happiest events in the past year's work at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, has been the circulation of a tribute to her wonderful personality. She serves Poetry wherever she goes, and her name is well known to us over here. 'Orchids to Marie Tello Phillips' is the title of an essay in the American periodical *The Potter's Wheel*, and how thoroughly she has deserved them is emphasized in a remarkable record of Mrs. Phillips's cultural achievements, of which to our British minds the chief is her founding of the Pittsburgh Centre thirty-two years ago. This grand work was followed by her organization, in part or entire, of Poetry Societies in Washington and Fort Ligonier, Pennsylvania: Ohio, Indiana, Maine, Minnesota, Kentucky, Tennessee, Havard, Cuba; and, in Florida, Miami, Tampa, Jacksonville, Coral Gables, St. Petersburg, Naples, Key West and Pensacola.

Breathtaking though this list must be, it is by no means the complete record. All sorts of national and international awards and honours have come her way, and she has written five books of verse, three novels, and a book of essays, besides editing and compiling several volumes of poetry and prose by her distinguished

father. She is still writing, lecturing and broadcasting, although, as we are told – and this is sad – she is mostly confined to her bed by chronic ill-health. But we forget the sadness in our amazement and admiration, for we read that Mrs. Marie Tello Phillips is in her eighty-second year!

SUFFOLK

Not only through bodily misfortune are the friends of Poetry likely to be home-tied, temporarily at any rate, just now. Miss Kay Turner, hon. secretary of the Suffolk Centre, expressed a doubt whether in early December the petrol shortage would make too difficult the journey by car for enthusiasts at a distance to Ipswich for the presentation of the Poetry Prize award in the second competition to commemorate George Crabbe, the eighteenth-century East Anglian poet.

The ceremony took place on 9th December, when Lord Cranbrook presented a silver challenge bowl, made by a local craftsman, to Mr. F. H. A. Engleheart for his poem, 'The Empty Grave.' The winning poem was read to the gathering by the author, and he was followed by Miss E. Bond who read 'Corn of Wheat,' and Mr. G. H. Chase with 'Broke's Challenge,' these being the runners-up. Lord Cranbrook gave an address on Suffolk poetry, and among those invited to be present were the first year's judges, Sir Francis Meynell, Thomas Moult, and R. N. Currey, and the second year's judges, Jack Lindsay, Kennedy Williamson, and James Turner.

How fitting it was that the original reading in September of the George Crabbe prize-poems was given at Holbrook Mill, near Ipswich. Here is the ideal setting for an old-time Suffolk commemoration, the ancient mill-wheel being still in the room where the reading took place. Thirty-four members and friends made the journey on a beautiful autumn afternoon, and everything, even the slanting floor, conspired to make the atmosphere memorable. Another favourite venue of this increasingly successful Centre is Pin Mill, where, at the Butt and Oyster overhanging the river, with a roaring fire, the October meeting was held. Mr. Derek Neville, of Itteringham Mill, near Norwich, delighted the gathering by reading from his own work. He is a welcome newcomer to the Society.

NORTHERN IRELAND

With ample evidence in the shape of a financial statement prepared by a well-known Belfast firm of auditors, the gallant workers for the Northern Ireland Centre send us a report on the year's work 'with pleasure'. They write: 'We are conscious of a sense of achievement in maintaining our place in the cultural life of the community, despite stern opposition from television and what Shakespeare aptly describes as "that contentious storm which invites us to the skin."'

'Why the weather should be so conspicuously bad on Monday evenings is beyond our comprehension, but let us record our gratitude to those brave spirits who, scorning the comfort of the fireside, have ventured forth, often in biting wind and blinding rain, to encourage the committee and honour our speakers by their presence.'

A most pleasurable recital of 'Moore's Melodies and Poems' was given at the annual meeting in September by Mrs. H. V. Taggart and her readers, and the autumn season of monthly talks concluded with a programme of sacred poetry and music arranged by the never-tiring hon. secretary, Miss Hettie Haddock. Scottish poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries (Mrs. Donaldson, 21st January), a recital by junior members (arranged by Miss Nana Ward, 18th February), and a reading from the plays of Clifford Bax (Miss Helen Shaw and Mr. J. Nelson Browne, 18th March) – these comprise the syllabus that will carry the Centre comfortably into the spring, the fourteenth since Poetry came in an organized way to Northern Ireland. Miss Haddock's address is 18 Ashley Gardens, Belfast.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Two monthly gatherings before the annual general meeting and two monthly gatherings following it – such has been the autumn record of this (re-named) Centre.

The members usually assemble at private houses on a Saturday afternoon, except when a speaker comes from a distance, as in March, when Mr. Thomas Moult came across country from North Essex. On such occasions the meeting is held at St. Bernard's Convent, High Wycombe. The hon. secretary is Mrs. Van den Bergh, of Little Basing, Bray, Berkshire.

WALTON AND WEYBRIDGE

A very happy meeting took place at this Centre when Miss Odette Tchernine, of Guildford and London – she is a member of The Poetry Society's General Council – read her own work and exhibited pictures by herself and also paintings by the well-known illustrator, Hera Armour. Accompanying her was Professor Johnson of Syracuse University, U.S.A., who read poems of his own, written during his recent stay in Weybridge.

'We of this Centre,' writes the Hon. Secretary, 'are always glad to welcome visitors from overseas, and in our audience has been Mrs. Bullock, from Boston, U.S.A., who will give a talk in the spring on Robert Frost.' Meanwhile our autumn work has been given a special distinction by the visit of Mr. Robert Armstrong, who is reported to have given 'a brilliant address on the life and work of Dylan Thomas.' There was a very good attendance, and Mr. John Gittens was in the chair.

Finally, here is a list of Centres in addition to those already mentioned:

BOSTON (U.S.A.)

Mrs. Blanche T. Bigelow, hon. secretary, 163 Eliot Street, Milton 87, Mass, U.S.A.

BRIGHTON

Mr. P. E. Dunn, 84 Eldred Avenue, Withdean, Brighton 5.

BRONDESBURY

Readings on the first Sunday of each month at 1 Mowbray Road, N.W.6, at 4 p.m. Details from Miss Silvia Newton, L.R.A.M., at the above address.

BURGESS HILL

Meetings, second Saturday in each month at Mrs. Lambert's Restaurant, 45 Church Road. Enquiries to Miss K. G. Boycott, 'Twemlow,' Jane Lane, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

CHICAGO (U.S.A.)

President, Ruth Cary Clough, St. Clair Hotel, Chicago 11, U.S.A.

DUMFRIES

Mr. Irving Miller, 35 George Street, Dumfries, will answer all enquiries.

EALING

All enquiries to Mrs. Campbell, Savernake School, Astor Road, Ealing, W.5.

FLORIDA (U.S.A.)

President General: Marie Tello Phillips, 6427 Darlington Road, Pittsburgh 17, U.S.A.

GLOUCESTER

Miss Katharine Nix-James, 4 Beaufort Buildings, Gloucester.

GUILDFORD

Mrs. Coker, hon. secretary, 20 Lichfield Way, Guildford.

HAMPSTEAD

Mrs. Angela Malleson, hon. secretary, 10 Gayton Crescent, London, N.W.3.

HASTINGS, BEXHILL AND DISTRICT

I. K. Bateman, Esq., Ochiltree House, Hastings.

KENSINGTON

Enquiries should be sent to the founder, Mr. A. Vivian Burbury, 12 Bassett Road, London, W.10. Meetings are held monthly on a Tuesday evening.

NATAL AND DURBAN (S.A.)

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PITTSBURGH (U.S.A.)

Mrs. Marie Tello Phillips, 6427 Darlington Road, Pittsburgh.

REIGATE

Mrs. M. A. Hicks, The Alton, Alma Road, Reigate.

SHEFFIELD

Enquiries to Miss F. G. Stimpson, 23 Silver Hill Road, Sheffield 11. Meetings: Grand Hotel, monthly.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON

Enquiries to Miss Henochsberg and Miss Hewson, 15 Clifton Court, N.W.8.

ST. PETERSBURG (U.S.A.)

Mrs. Grace Porterfield Polk, The Maples, Greenwood, Indiana.

TORONTO (CANADA)

All enquiries to Mr. Thos. G. Ballantyne of Apartment 201, 58 Hillside Drive, Toronto 6. Telephone: Gerrard 8877.

VANCOUVER (B.C.)

Official contact: Mrs. George Maharg, 754 East Broadway, Vancouver, B.C.

THE POETRY SOCIETY: ANNUAL GENERAL BUSINESS MEETING

The Annual General Business Meeting of the Poetry Society (Incorporated) will be held at the offices of the Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1., on Wednesday, 22nd May, 1957, at 3-0 p.m., to receive the annual financial statement, and elect the general members of the General Council. Names of delegates representing Centres should be sent to the General Secretary not later than 5th April, 1957, together with names of the Centre representatives on the General Council.

Admission will be made upon production of membership cards.

Any member who wishes to bring any business before the Annual Meeting must give twenty-eight days' written notice thereof to the General Secretary. Nominations for membership to the General Council must be made by two members of the General Council or three unattached members twenty-eight days prior to the Meeting.

Any member wishing to inspect the audited Statement of Accounts before the General Business Meeting may do so at this office between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. (Saturdays excepted), or may have a copy sent on application enclosing a stamped addressed envelope after 30th April.

– By Order of the Council.

CAN WE HELP YOU?

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Members may submit two poems for criticism and help, for a minimum fee of 5s. The charge for the criticism of each additional poem (under 100 lines) is 2s.

It has now been decided to extend the service to non-Members, but at a different rate of 5s. for each poem submitted. It is particularly requested that all poems submitted should be typed and that a stamped addressed envelope be enclosed.

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LAST LINES COMPETITION – KEY

Lines 1 - 10
William Blake, 'Auguries of Innocence'; George Chapman, 'To Mars'; Wordsworth, 'Influence of Natural Objects'; Crashaw, 'Hymn on the Assumption of our Blessed Lady'; Nicholas Breton, 'The Merry Country Lad'; William Stevenson, 'Jolly Good Ale and Old'; W. B. Yeats, 'A Woman Young and Old,' ii.; Hood, 'The Death-bed'; Walter de la Mare, 'The Linnet'; Campion, 'Integer Vitae';

Lines 11 - 20
Byron, 'We'll go no more a-roving'; Burns, 'A Red, Red Rose'; Shelley, 'One word is too often profaned'; G. Manley Hopkins, 'I Have desired to go'; Padraic Colum, 'An Old Woman of the Roads'; Hartley Coleridge, 'Sonnet on Friendship'; Byron, 'There be none of Beauty's daughters'; Wordsworth, 'The Solitary Reaper'; Robert Browning, 'The Lost Mistress'; Campbell, 'Ye Mariners of England';

Lines 21 - 30
Yeats, 'The Circus Animals' Desertion'; Campbell, 'The Soldier's Dream'; Emily Brontë, 'Sleep not, dream not'; Wordsworth, 'Lucy Gray'; John Lyly, 'Cards and Kisses'; Shakespeare, 'O Mistress Mine'; Keats, 'Ode to a Nightingale'; Anonymous, 'O Waly, Waly, up the bank'; Sir Philip Sidney, 'Dispraise of a Courtly Life'; Felicia D. Hemans, 'Casabianca';

Lines 31 - 40
Landor 'Rose Aylmer'; Macaulay, 'Horatius'; Mark Akenside, 'Nature'; Robert Bridges, 'When Death to either shall come'; S. T. Coleridge, 'Frost at Midnight'; Wordsworth, 'She was a Phantom of Delight'; Herrick, 'To the Western Wind'; Herrick, 'To the Willow-Tree'; William Cartwright, 'Falsehood'; Herrick, 'To Anthea';

Lines 41 - 50
John Webster, 'Vanitas Vanitatum'; Thomas Carew, 'To His Inconstant Mistress'; Shakespeare, Sonnet 102; William Habington, 'To Roses in Castara's Bosom'; T. S. Eliot, 'Gerontion'; James Thomson ('B.V.'), 'In the Room'; Tennyson, 'The Revenge'; Edwin Muir, 'The River'; C. Kingsley, Song in 'Water Babies'; Herrick, 'To Dianeme';

Lines 51 - 60
James Shirley, 'You Virgins that did late despair'; Herrick, 'To Blossoms'; Wordsworth, 'A slumber did my spirit seal'; Byron, 'When we two parted'; Yeats, 'I thought no more was needed'; Francis Beaumont, 'On Tombs in Westminster Abbey'; Keats, 'Ode on Melancholy'; Herrick, 'To Daffodils'; Shelley, 'A Lament'; Wordsworth, 'Three Years she grew';

Lines 61 - 70
Michael Bruce, 'To the Cuckoo'; Thomas Nashe, 'Spring'; Yeats, 'Last Poems'; W. E. Henley, 'In Hospital'; Drayton, 'Black pitchy night'; Campion, 'Shall I come, sweet love, to Thee'; Sir Alexander Gray, 'Gossip'; Thomas Hardy, 'The Oxen'; Aldous Huxley, 'A million million spermatozoa'; Edwin Muir, 'The Trophy';

Lines 71 - 80
Burns, 'Ye Banks and Braes'; William Basse (?) 'On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey'; Hardy, 'In time of the breaking of Nations'; Herrick, 'To Dianeme'; Samuel Johnson, 'Short Song of Congratulation'; Marvell, 'The Garden'; W. H. Davies, 'Leisure'; Shelley, 'When the lamp is shattered'; Cowley, 'The Epicure'; Burns, 'Address to the Unco Guid';

Lines 81 - 90
Yeats, 'A Valley full of Lovers'; Dowson, 'They are not long'; R. L. Stevenson, 'Blows the Wind'; John Masefield, 'Wild Duck'; Sir William Davenant, 'To a Mistress Dying'; Matthew Arnold, 'To Marguerite'; Yeats, 'Byzantium'; Yeats, 'To Dorothy Wellesley'; Bridges, 'Low Barometer'; D. G. Rossetti, 'Lovesight';

Lines 91 - 100
George Meredith, 'Lucifer in Starlight'; Andrew Lang, 'Sonnet on the Odyssey'; Yeats, 'Hound Voice'; Yeats, 'Those Dancing Days are Gone'; Albert D. Mackie, 'Poems in Two Tongues'; Marvell, 'The Definition of love'; Arnold, 'Song of Callicles'; Sir William Watson, 'Sonnet on Melancholia'; Herrick, 'Upon Julia's Clothes'; W. Scawen Blunt, 'Gibraltar';

Lines 101 - 110
William Habington, 'Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam'; Arnold, 'Dover Beach'; Sir Thomas Wyatt, 'Earnest Suit to His Unkind Mistress'; Shelley, 'Ozymandias'; Wordsworth, 'Sonnet composed at Neidpath Castle'; Alfred Noyes, 'There's many a Proud Wizard'; Anon., 'Canadian Boat-Song, ('Listen to me'); Drummond, 'Sonnet (Look how the flower)'; John Davidson, 'The boat is chafing at our long delay': John Freeman, 'It was the Lovely Moon';

Lines 111 - 120
A. O'Shaughnessy, 'I made another garden'; George Meredith, 'Marian'; Wilfred Owen, 'Insensibility'; Seumas O'Sullivan, 'Verses, Sacred and Profane'; George Herbert, 'Sins Round'; De la Mare, 'Trees'; Richard Lovelace, 'Gratiana Dancing'; Walt Whitman, 'O Captain! My Captain!'; James Hogg, 'Kilmeny'; De la Mare, 'The Ghost';

Lines 121 - 130
Chesterton, 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard'; Robert Browning, 'Porphyria's Lover'; Keats, 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci'; Francis Thompson, 'A Fallen Yew'; Donne, 'Hymn to God in my Sickness'; Dryden, 'Finite Reason'; Coventry Patmore, 'Amelia'; Yeats, 'When you are Old'; Herrick, 'The Mad Maid's Song'; Longfellow, 'Dante';

Lines 131 - 140
Fredk. Tennyson, 'Holy Tide'; Lord de Tabley, 'The Two Old Kings'; W. H. Auden, 'It's no use raising a shout'; Herrick, 'Gather ye rosebuds'; Tennyson, 'Ulysses'; Milton, 'Lycidas': Sir Walter Scott, 'Lucy Ashton's Song'; Swinburne, 'Chorus from Atalanta'; John Fletcher, 'God Lyaeus'; Kipling, 'The Way Through the Woods';

THE POETRY SOCIETY

Founded 24th February, 1909 :: Incorporated 18th June, 1923

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Lines 141 - 150
G. Manley Hopkins, 'Inversnaid'; Shelley, 'She met me, Stranger, upon Life's rough way'; Herrick, 'Delight in Disorder'; Shakespeare, Sonnet 129; John Ford, 'Glories, Pleasures, Pomps'; A.E., 'The Dark Lady'; C. Day Lewis, 'Departure in the Dark'; Blake, 'Cradle Song'; Blake, 'Milton'; Sidney Keyes, 'Europe's Prisoners';

Lines 151 - 160
J. C. Mangan, 'The Nameless One'; Fanny Greville, 'Prayer for Indifference'; R. Browning, 'Parting at Morning'; D. G. Rossetti, 'Lost Days'; Rupert Brooke, 'Clouds'; Anon., 'Carol of the Seven Virgins'; Ben Jonson, 'Drink to me only'; Thomas Carew, 'He that Loves a rosy cheek'; Sir Charles Sedley, 'To Celia'; James Graham of Montrose, 'My dear and only Love';

Lines 161 - 170
Hartley Coleridge, 'She pass'd away like morning dew'; Yeats, 'Inscription for a stone at Thoor Ballylee'; Hardy, 'The Darkling Thrush'; Christina Rossetti, 'When I am dead, my Dearest'; Wordsworth, 'She dwelt among the untrodden ways'; Thomas Moore, 'Oft in the Stilly Night'; Kipling, 'Predestination'; Austin Dobson, 'To an Unknown Bust in the British Museum'; Sir Thomas Wyatt, 'An Earnest Suit to his unkind Mistress'; Alfred Austin, 'Primroses';

Lines 171 - 180
Sir John Squire, 'Meditation in Lamplight'; Wilfrid Gibson, 'Lament'; Edmund Waller, 'On a Girdle'; Waller, 'Go, Lovely Rose'; William Walsh, 'Rivals'; Sir Richard Fanshawe, 'Sonnet on a Rose'; John Ford, 'Fly Hence, Shadows'; John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, 'Constancy'; Shelley, 'Indian Serenade'; Robert Southey, 'My Days among the Dead are past';

Lines 181 - 190
Tennyson, 'Song in "Maud"'; Shirley, 'The Glories of our Blood and State'; Robert Browning, Song in 'Paracelsus'; Herrick, 'The Rose was sick and smiling died'; Ruth Pitter, 'Rare Birds'; Thomas Moult, 'Yonder lies London'; Campion, 'So tir'd are all my thoughts'; T. Sturge Moore, 'To a Sicilian Vinedresser'; Francis Quarles, 'On Zacheus'; Peacock, 'War-song of Dinas Vawr';

Lines 191 - 200
Andrew Young, 'Wiltshire Downs'; Bridges, 'Fly-catchers'; Edmund Blunden, 'Thames Gulls'; De la Mare, 'The Listeners'; Arthur Hugh Clough, 'Say not the struggle'; Christina Rossetti, 'Echo'; Anon., 'Over the Mountains'; Dryden, 'Ask not the cause why sullen Spring'; J. Elroy Fletcher 'Tenebris Interlucentem'; Julian Grenfell, 'Into Battle';

Lines 201 - 210
Jasper Mayne, 'Time is the feather'd thing'; Mary Coleridge, 'Unwelcome'; Anon., 'The Bonny Earl o' Moray'; Anon., 'My blood so red for thee was shed'; De la Mare, 'The Song of Shadows'; Herbert Palmer, 'Ishmael'; Herbert Trench, 'A Charge'; Oliver St. John Gogarty, 'Elbow Room'; Austin Dobson, 'Rondeau'; Jonson, 'Echo's Song';

Lines 211 - 220
Edwin Muir, 'The Combat'; F. Brett Young, 'Song of Third Crusade'; Masefield, 'Roadways'; Dylan Thomas, 'Fern Hill'; Alun Lewis, 'Water Magic'; Emily Dickinson, 'My life closed twice'; Stephen Spender, 'The Prisoners'; Siegfried Sassoon, 'Prelude – the Troops'; Masefield, 'Widow in Bye-Street'; Robert Graves, 'The Cool Web';

Lines 221 - 230
W. Scawen Blunt, 'Sonnet (If I could live)'; Yeats, 'I call on those that call me son'; Pitter, 'Our death implicit in our birth'; Robert Frost, 'The Road not taken'; Cowley, 'To Mr. Hobbs'; D. G. Rossetti, 'Sudden Light'; Bridges, 'Shorter Poems IV. 28'; Winifred B. Medway, 'Girl's Hymn of Praise'; Emerson, 'The Snowstorm'; W. J. Turner, 'Dragon-Flies';

Lines 231 - 240
Dennis Marshall, 'Daylight'; Yeats, 'The Happy Townland'; Tennyson, 'In Memoriam, 54'; Cowper, 'John Gilpin'; Gerard Manley Hopkins, 'The Golden Echo'; Wordsworth, 'Written in Early Spring'; V. Sackville-West, 'The Greater Cats'; W. H. Auden, 'Lay thy sleeping head'; Masefield, 'Cavalier'; W. C. Bryant, 'To a Waterfowl';

Lines 241 - 250
Masefield, 'Sorrow of Mydath'; Whitman, 'Ethiopia Saluting the Colours'; Patmore, 'Going to Church (Angel in the House)'; Wordsworth, 'Sonnet to the River Duddon'; R. S. Hawker, 'And Shall Trelawney Die?'; A. E. Housman, 'When I was one-and-twenty'; Yeats, 'The Lake-Isle of Innisfree'; Quarles (?) 'Like as the damask rose you see'; Milton, 'On Time'; Squire, 'To a Bulldog';

Lines 251 - 260
Dryden, 'Ode for St. Cecilia's day, 1687'; Shelley, 'Music when soft voices die'; Lockhart, 'When youthful faith hath fled'; Emily Brontë, 'Last Lines'; Henry Vaughan, 'The Night'; Milton, 'At a Solemn Musick'; Milton, 'Ode on the Nativity'; Henry King, 'Exequy on his Wife'; George Herbert, 'Affliction'; Herrick, 'His Winding-sheet';

Lines 261 - 270
John Davidson, 'The Last Journey'; James Stephens, 'In the Orchard'; Ralph Hodgson, 'The Song of Honour'; Edith Sitwell, 'Colonel Fantock'; W. Scawen Blunt, 'Two Highwaymen'; Sir Henry Newbolt, 'Commemoration'; Robert Browning, Song in 'Pippa Passes'; Bridges, 'Shorter Poems, iv. 1'; Emerson, 'Brahma'; Lord Alfred Douglas, 'The Travelling Companion';

Lines 271 - 280
Milton, 'Il Penseroso'; D. G. Rossetti, 'Alas, so long!'; Tennyson, 'Crossing the Bar'; Waller, 'Old Age'; W. Bell Scott, 'The Witch's Ballad'; George Herbert, 'Easter'; Thomas Carew, 'Ask me no more where Jove bestows'; Samuel Daniel, 'Chorus ('Behold what furies still')'; Quarles, 'A Divine Rapture'; Sir Henry Wootton, 'Character of a Happy Life';

Lines 281 - 283
Binyon, 'For the Fallen'; Dylan Thomas, 'Death shall have no dominion'; Jonson, 'For Love's sake, kiss me once again.'